

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
— OF THE —  
THE  
CITY OF DETROIT.

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,010 Vol. 116.

5 July 1913.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	1	MIDDLE ARTICLES ( <i>continued</i> ):		CORRESPONDENCE ( <i>continued</i> ):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Horn Arm. By George A. B.		"Sub Rosa." By the Rev. J. Edward	
Collapse . . . . .	4	Dewar . . . . .	12	Harlow . . . . .	16
Cleared! . . . . .	5	Fear. By Filson Young . . . . .	13	Faith Healing . . . . .	16
The Leicester Election . . . . .	6	VERSE:		REVIEWS:	
The Governorship of Gibraltar . . . . .	7	Fragment of a Hymn on the Earth.		French Critics and Modern Thought . . . . .	17
THE CITY . . . . .	8	By Herbert Trench . . . . .	14	A Great Anglo-Indian . . . . .	18
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE:		The Revolution in Shensi . . . . .	18
Irish Plays and Players. By John		Militancy and the Higher Culture. By		A Text-Book of Federalism . . . . .	19
Palmer . . . . .	9	Hugh E. M. Stutfield . . . . .	14	Divorce and the English Reformation . . . . .	20
Noblesse Oblige in Portraiture. By		Negative Land Values. By John		NOVELS . . . . .	21
C. H. Collins Baker . . . . .	10	Govan . . . . .	15	SHORTER NOTICES . . . . .	22
The Technique of Lawn Tennis. By		Why Not be Friends? . . . . .	15	THE JULY REVIEWS . . . . .	23
A. E. Crawley . . . . .	11				

*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Marconi Ministers' lunch at the National Liberal Club is about the most impudent thing we ever heard of in politics. It is enough to make the ghosts of Aislabie and Craggs rise in their graves. And as if it were not enough for Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs to be wine and fêted on the strength of their having speculated largely in American Marconis, we are asked to believe that they have been treated "damnably"! The sublime effrontery of the thing may leave the public a little dazed at first.

But we do not think it will leave the public in that state for long. It will size up the whole business, an essentially indelicate business, clearly enough; and it will quite agree, we feel sure, that these culprits well deserve to be treated "damnably"—in the classic sense of the word; indeed it is not easy to find words of condemnation much too severe for such a scene as that which the Marquess of Lincolnshire presided over this week.

Meantime the Marconi Committee goes out. Mr. Herbert Samuel told the Committee on Wednesday that the Marconi contract was in effect dead. The Marconi Company having repudiated it, the legal advisers of the Government told Mr. Samuel that he could not enforce it. Here, obviously, was the Committee's opportunity to put an end to itself; which it accepted, behind closed doors, in indecent haste. We were appointed to investigate the Marconi contract it argued. The Marconi contract has collapsed. Therefore we have no further reason of being. "Stay", in effect said Mr. Samuel, "I will tell you about the future." "The future is a serious matter", said the Committee; "but it is not our affair." The Committee hates those that "would upon the rack of this tough world stretch them out longer". So on Wednesday it gave up the ghost

in a little breeze between Mr. William Redmond and Sir R. Essex.

We hear with considerable relief that Sir Rufus Isaacs was not among the legal advisers of the Government. This would possibly have been too indelicate—too glaring an impropriety—even for the feasters at Reading or the National Liberal Club. These legal advisers have come in very opportunely for the Government. We may reasonably suppose that the Government is quite tired of the Marconi Inquiry; that it is not at all sorry to see the last of Mr. Falconer's Committee; that it does not passionately desire a lively cross-examination of Lord Murray—with cross-firing between Mr. Booth and Lord Robert Cecil. All this the Government is spared. Lord Murray may return when he will, or not at all. There are no impatient inquisitors awaiting him now.

Mr. Lloyd George, like every demagogue who has ever been, is slipshod and unthorough when dealing with facts and information. He hates and has no time for that which men of his type regard impatiently as "detail"—but which is very well known to be absolutely essential truth among statesmen. Surely Lord Lansdowne aimed "a javelin" true and straight when he said in his speech this week that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not read the report of the Joint Committee which not long ago recommended State-aided land purchase on the lines of the Unionist policy. It was actually appointed by the present Government, and was presided over by an ex-Liberal Whip. And now this careless, uninformed demagogue is hot to deride its proposals!

Firmly Lord Lansdowne outlined again the Unionist Land policy. Mr. Lloyd George's idea is that Unionists support small ownership and land purchase that they may get an inflated price for their land. The demagogue forgets, or artfully conceals, the fact that the price would have to be approved first by the County Council, then by the Government Department. Does Mr. Lloyd George suggest that these are corrupt bodies who would go in with the landlords? Lord Lansdowne is quite as strong as Mr. Bonar Law in favour of small ownership.

He said: "I believe the greatest boon you can offer to him [the agricultural worker] . . . is to be the owner of a few acres of the soil of his own country."

We are very glad the Unionists kept the Government, or at any rate the Government rank and file, up all night and most of the morning this week over Plural Voting. The resolve of the Opposition, whenever that Bill comes up, should always be "We won't go home till morning". For it is a disgraceful measure which may be very well described either as the Sneaks Bill or the Cheats Bill; and we are not without some hopes that the utter meanness of the thing will one day be clearly understood even by the uneducated voter who does not understand politics at all but believes in fair play.

It may be properly styled the Cheats Bill because the people who have devised it, and are pushing it forward, pretend that by its provisions no man in the British Islands will have more than one vote; whereas they know well that the Irish Nationalist vote will be left a more plural vote than ever: the thing is absolutely past dispute: by disfranchising the voter in England, and by craftily leaving Ireland grossly over-represented, they are deliberately increasing the ill they pretend to cure. Hence they are cheats, and their Bill is a Cheats Bill. We hear a vast deal about this Minister and that not being, after all, "corrupt". Well here at any rate is corruption, unabashed, unblushing—not corruption over money, granted, but rank corruption for the sake of votes, Irish votes and office.

Equally the Bill may be styled the Sneaks Bill; because it is an attempt by people who have been enjoying all the good things of office and power since 1906 to prevent the other side coming in just when, as every fool and every wise man knows, the other side is in favour throughout the country. On the whole perhaps people who like fair play will like the title Sneaks Bill better than Cheats Bill. We have also heard the term Skunks Bill applied to this unclean thing, because the skunk is an animal which is said to make a nasty smell before it dies.

In this connexion we note one of the Radical papers employs a remarkable metaphor. It says that at present the dice are loaded against the Government. Unionists may at least welcome this accidental admission even by metaphor that there are members of the Government who do not mind a little gamble now and then. Suppose a Unionist had spoken about dice in connexion with anything this Ministry of all the purists does! He would have surely enraged the Radicals and their Press. No Minister of this Government ever gambles. O no, he invests.

The Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills were automatically advanced to their penultimate stage on Monday. A few hours' debate under the guillotine was all that Mr. Asquith could spare for the important debating stages of two first-class measures. Now we realise the advantages of that prolonged deliberation and discussion which was to be one of the agreeable features of legislation under the Parliament Act. How thoroughly, Mr. Asquith used to insist, would a measure be tested that had to survive three separate introductions and three separate debates in all their stages in the House of Commons! Perhaps the best commentary upon this is a paragraph of Tuesday's "Times": "The report of the Home Rule financial resolution was next put from the Chair, and, no debate being possible, a division was at once taken, 304 members voting for the motion and 187 against it".

The House of Lords may be a dead body but it still has a way of introducing the best measures, the measures which are really needed greatly and at once. Lord Newton's Bill to check the circulars of the money-

lenders is one of the best Bills discussed in either House. Every honest man will wish it the success which Mr. Lee's White Slave Bill had. We have often called attention to this growing evil of money-lenders and quite lately urged the Government to move. Lord Newton argued for his Bill in a witty and powerful speech. He is one of those rare speakers who never let their wit and cleverness run away with them. He can jest in deadly earnest. He bears out admirably the saying "Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"

The sending out of these circulars by some of the chief professional scoundrels of London ought to be stopped at once with a high hand. But a small fine or light punishment will never check the evil. Money-lenders are as hardened sinners, and as crafty, as "white slave" procurers. One would much like to have the more persistent among them touched up occasionally with the birch; and talked to much as Mr. Justice Darling talked to a procurer this week whom he would have ordered to be birched if the prison doctor had allowed it. Moreover is it not time to warn the papers—we fear there are still some—that print money-lenders' advertisements? Since Mr. Labouchere's time this matter has not been noticed enough.

Sir M. Levy and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald have been sparring, and are likely to be sparring for a long time yet, over the bogus Labour manifesto, if it was bogus, at Leicester. It seems pretty clear that the manifesto was at least indirectly the outcome of a Labour meeting in the House. Precisely the difference between what that meeting intended to go out and that which actually was proclaimed at Leicester, we shall probably never learn. It is likely that the doctored telegram did have effect on the election to the advantage of the Liberal. Sir M. Levy made an absurd faux pas in opposing Lord Wolmer's Bill. What did it matter to him whether Lord Wolmer had the single eye or not? Now Lord Wolmer and every Unionist will be able to say everywhere that Sir M. Levy opposed a Bill making deliberate false statements at elections a corrupt practice.

It was a happy thought two years ago to send the Duke of Connaught to Canada as Governor-General. It was even happier to announce his re-appointment on the eve of Dominion Day. The Duke's readiness to return was the more welcome because it was proof that the health of the Duchess of Connaught is no longer a source of anxiety, and, indeed, the Duke hopes she will accompany him back. His success as Governor-General is especially striking when we remember that Earl Grey was a most difficult man to follow. He made himself part of the life of the Dominion, going everywhere and seeing everything for himself. The Duke of Connaught followed in his footsteps almost literally, his years notwithstanding. And his active interest in the settler out West not less than in society at Ottawa carried with it an added weight. In the Duke the Dominion feels it is in direct touch with the King himself.

Hostilities without declaration of war have broken out in the Balkans. The Greeks, after a battle in the streets, have disarmed the Bulgarian garrison in Salonica, but the Bulgars have taken the offensive in the Struma valley. In Macedonia the left wings of both the Bulgarian and the Serbian forces appear to have scored successes. We depend, however, on accounts from Belgrade. Elsewhere the situation darkens. Rumania is getting ready to strike, and even poor broken Turkey has plucked up courage to request the Bulgarians to evacuate points east of the new frontier. On the other hand, neither Austria nor Russia is arming and the Austrian Premier has unsaid some of the more provocative phrases of his Hungarian colleague. Have the two Great Powers agreed to wait and see?

In spite of the fighting diplomatic notes fly to and fro. The admirers of M. Venezelos will learn with satisfaction that the piece of wild hysteria purporting to be a Greek note to Sofia has been denounced as a forgery. For the rest these documents are of interest only as showing that in the Balkans at any rate nationality matters more than Christianity. This consciousness of nationality, which the nineteenth century evolved and of which its statesmen were so proud, is now clearly seen to have its dark side.

The German Army Bill is through. The Government has got everything it asked for, including the cavalry regiments which the Reichstag Committee struck out, and even the Socialists did not oppose the Bill until the third reading, when they knew it was safe. Above all, the Empire has at last taken power to levy direct taxation. The new tax is to be on capital, like our death-duties, and will be levied on new wealth produced in Germany after the end of the year. As the tax is graduated and the working classes are exempt, the Socialists will support its increase. Germany is now making money fast, so that, when the time comes, the tax may serve to finance a new Navy Bill.

Henri Rochefort began by raising a barricade at the Collège S. Louis, and was ever after a revolutionary. He wrote for the "Figaro": the "Figaro" was prosecuted. He started the "Lanterne": the "Lanterne" was confiscated. He established the "Marseillaise": the "Marseillaise" was suppressed. He was usually a prisoner or a refugee. He was in the thick of every "affaire"—the Panama scandals, Boulanger, Dreyfus. He was the hero of every mob, the suspect of every public authority. His later years were more peaceful than his earlier years only because there was less in France to be attacked. "Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire."

All the suffragette "conspirators" are now out of prison—Mrs. Pankhurst for the third or fourth time. Harrowing accounts are given of the condition into which these prisoners get themselves in order to effect their release. Mr. McKenna's cat-and-mouse procedure encourages the prisoners rather than deters them. To get out the more quickly they now abstain from water as well as food. Mr. McKenna sticks to the Mouse Act and leaves the women to its automatic operation. If the women persist, one or other will sooner or later die upon his hands, more slowly, but quite as surely, as under the old system of forcible feeding. Is Mr. McKenna ready to face this? He is in a very difficult position; but he will not improve it by shirking. Merely refusing to ascertain what Mrs. Pankhurst's condition of health really is—pretending, in fact, to be uninterested—will not do.

Meantime hunger-striking is spreading to prisoners who are not suffragettes. A burglar has gone upon hunger-strike; also a felon; also a convict serving a sentence for false pretences. These gentlemen, not being ready to die, are easily dealt with. A few doses of forcible feeding, and they begin to consult their health rather than their dignity.

The disputes between Lady Sackville and the Scott family gave place on one day of the week in the Law Courts to the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. Daisy Annie Moss, whose stage name is Miss Daisy Markham, against the Marquess of Northampton. As the same counsel are in almost all the sensational cases, the settlement of Moss v. Compton without trial made things easy and profitable to this fortunate group. Sir Edward Carson had no occasion to return his brief, as it was said he had contemplated doing.

Miss Markham's story, as told by her counsel in announcing that her action had been settled on an

agreement by the defendant to pay £50,000, was so unreservedly accepted by the Marquess that it is strange the case came into Court. The lady's claim to the largest damages on record in breach of promise of marriage actions was incontrovertible, backed by the Marquess' letter to her breaking off the engagement. The most unsophisticated heroine would be justified in demanding the heaviest compensation for the commercial loss of such a fortune and such a title, not to speak of the more personal aspects which always enter into breach of promise cases.

The four ladies who wished to become solicitors have gained nothing by their action for a mandamus against the Law Society to admit them to the Preliminary Examination. They were really exempt from this examination, at least Miss Bebb, the plaintiff in the test action, was, as she took honours in law at Oxford. If she were article without passing it, the Law Society could stop her at the first compulsory examination. They could do this, as the decision is that the Solicitors Statutes do not contemplate women being solicitors. Women are disqualified by their sex under Common Law, and only the Legislature can remove the disability. The decision is quite on the lines of that of the House of Lords against women graduates of the University of Edinburgh voting at elections, there being no ancient custom of their so doing.

The salaries of the two new Lords of Appeal for the House of Lords were discussed on Tuesday. A short-sighted band of Liberals want the future Law Lords to draw £5000 a year salary instead of the £6000 of the present Law Lords. It is really too absurd for Judges sitting on the same Bench and doing the same work to have different salaries. The Government had set no limit to amount in the financial resolution, but intended to pay the usual £6000. Sir Frederick Banbury moved that the amount should not be more than £12,000, and the resolution was so passed. The question of pensions was also raised; but it is not proposed to change the conditions of pensions for the new Lords. It might be useful however to discuss legal pensions in general when the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill is in Committee.

The Englishman's indifference to really national institutions is illustrated in the "Times" appeal this week on behalf of the Crystal Palace. The Crystal Palace has for generations probably meant more to the man in the crowd than any other monument of London. The Crystal Palace, for all its ugliness and make-believe, is a monument of the solid grandioseness of the Victorian mind. It is Mr. Gladstone's speeches in glass and iron. The Crystal Palace is to-day in the market; and we are told that its demolition would be a national calamity. But the public at large is with difficulty whipped into any sort of dismay. The "Times" is working hard. It will save this "national institution", and the public will hear that it is saved with precisely the same indifference with which it would hear that it was in the hands of the housebreaker. Yet it really loves the Crystal Palace, and would feel the want of it.

Mr. Balfour, at Buckingham Gate this week, talked wisely, but not weakly, of toleration. Talk about toleration and broad views is too frequently mere indifference. Mr. Balfour's toleration comes rather of a sincerely open mind—of wisdom and sympathy—in a word, of imagination. Sir John Vanbrugh said wittily of Jeremy Collier: "'Twas the quarrel of his Gown, rather than of his God, that moved him to take up arms against me". These are the quarrels Mr. Balfour has in mind when he says of Scotland that neither in politics nor religion should Scotsmen be "a community bound in by rather narrow geographical limits, always poring over its ancient wrongs or its ancient conflicts or its ancient customs".



It is a little ridiculous of Saint-Saëns in his honoured age to attack the younger composers of to-day with all the bitterness of a man who feels himself being driven from the field. It shows the wrong spirit altogether and badly becomes a composer who from his earlier youth found everything made easy for him. No musician ever had finer chances of showing the very best he could do. Can it be he is disappointed because of the failure of his recent jubilee celebrations? An artist surrounded by many friends is apt to consider himself a much more important man than he really is. Saint-Saëns was ill-advised to come to England hoping to drive through the streets in the triumphal car of a conqueror: even Wagner would not get a great deal of attention, and Saint-Saëns is by no means a Wagner. In the circumstances it would have been more dignified to remain silent. Spiteful outbursts at younger musicians who have not had his opportunities are the reverse of dignified.

The English worship Shakespeare; but the Germans read him. Professor Brandl on Tuesday was eloquent upon the naturalisation in Germany of our poet's plays. Shakespeare, it seems, inspired the theatres of Goethe and Schiller; he is the mainspring of the modern revival of German drama (which puts the German theatre high among the intellectual influences of Europe); his plays are a German politician's sure way to the heart of the German people; he is the financial stand-by of the German theatrical managers. All this, says Professor Brandl, is matter of fact. Certainly till Swinburne began to write about the Elizabethan dramatists, no eulogies of Shakespeare were written in England to compare with Goethe's in Germany, or Victor Hugo's in France. This alone shows—pace Mr. Bernard Shaw—that there must be something more in Shakespeare than meets the ear. There must be something more than mere glorious talk in a poet who can make such a stir in foreign tongues.

But let us not put too much faith in the kind messages of Professor Brandl. German Shakespeare is not English Shakespeare. Shakespeare seen through the eyes of Goethe is not appreciably more like English Shakespeare than Shakespeare seen through the eyes of Victor Hugo. Shakespeare in France and Germany was a watchword of the romantic revival—a weapon snatched in the heat of battle. Moreover, in Germany his popularity is largely founded upon the zeal of his German commentators, for whom he is a feast of learning. The Germans love to teach the English their history and their literature. Shakespeare is not the only English dramatic author of whom we may learn much from the Germans. The only life of Etherege is by Von Meindl: Klette's "Wilhelm Wycherley's Leben und Dramatische Werke" is the only life of Wycherley.

English players came off very badly at Wimbledon, and in the lawn tennis championship of the world McLoughlin, a mere lad, beat all the best men with insolent ease till he reached the challenge round. He served them off their feet. McLoughlin is perhaps the most promising player who has ever been, despite the three straight sets in which Wilding splendidly beat him at the close. When he served his best, all his opponents, save Wilding, might as well have laid down their racquets. In the final game against Doust, his opponent did not touch the ball at all.

But these singles in lawn tennis are after all poor contests to watch; a stroke or two and the rally is done. How different from the splendid rests in tennis itself between the great players! On the other hand, the doubles—the men's doubles—in lawn tennis are to-day really a dazzling, delightful little exhibition. The quickness of the volleys and the merry way in which the ball is tossed across the net are exhilarating. Quickness of eye and arm combined cannot further go than in the play of the Germans Rahe and Kleinschroth.

#### COLLAPSE.

NOW that secrecy has become the fashion in foreign affairs, opinion is formed more by sentiment than by fact. The average man ceases to distinguish between what is happening and what he would like to happen. Hence such storms of popular feeling as that which swept over France when the truth about the Congo agreement became known or as that which has driven the Servian Government to tear up its own treaty. If we are to keep our heads in the critical weeks before us—and things are not yet at their worst—we must beware of sentiment and look at the situation exactly as it is. It is not enough to dwell on what the "Times" calls the repulsive fact that the Crusaders of last autumn are now wrangling over the loot. We cannot put all the blame on the Balkan peoples. Their war is the consequence of the policy of Europe. Had Greek and Serb conquests in Albania been allowed to balance Bulgar conquests in Thrace the allies would not now be fighting in Macedonia. Nor can we put the blame on Europe generally. Austria and Russia have a right to prefer a Balkan war to a war with one another. The allies of the interested Powers are justified in supporting any arrangement which leaves them at peace. But there was one Great Power which was entirely disinterested, which could therefore exercise decisive influence, and which sought to give a lead to Europe. That Power was Britain. All these months Sir Edward Grey has gone about with a medal round his neck inscribed Peace in Europe. We can read the reverse of the medal now. It runs War in the Balkans. The Foreign Secretary has not hesitated to take credit for his successes. On announcing the Albanian settlement to the House he stated that it had been reached just in time to preserve the peace of Europe—a most tactless remark since it made it impossible for either Austria or Russia to yield another inch. Sir Edward Grey must now suffer discredit for his blunders. We can prove that the present war has sprung inevitably out of his policy.

The first stage in British policy was reasonable. We lent our support to Austria. It was clear that the substitution of sturdy Slav States for weak Turkish rule put an end to Austria's expansionist plans and lifted Russian prestige throughout the Balkans. Feeling that Austria could not be pressed too far, Britain supported Austrian interests in Albania and induced Russia to recognise them. Then it was that Sir Edward Grey made his first mistake. Foolishly regarding the Alliance as a single entity, he planned to compensate it in the East for losses in the West, and endorsed the Bulgarian claim to Adrianople. This step was doubly false. It filled Russia with suspicion of Bulgaria's ultimate aims, and it sowed dissension between the allies. Worst of all, it compelled the Ambassadorial Conference to concentrate on the conclusion of a treaty of peace. For, having been given so much, the Bulgars asked for more. For weeks Europe lived in the dread that the authorised captors of Adrianople would force the Chatalja lines. Time and again the SATURDAY REVIEW pointed out that the signature of a treaty with Turkey had ceased to matter. The Turks were broken and fighting was over. But Europe, under Sir Edward Grey's leadership, had emphasised the collapse of Turkey, and felt obliged to save the capital. So it was that the Ambassadors wasted precious days on the peace treaty when they ought to have been handling the inter-Balkan frontier question. The treaty was signed, and we now know it to be worthless. If Turkey had an ounce of fight left in her, she would tear it up to-morrow. But the frontier question has now become insoluble. While there was still time Sir Edward Grey never thought about it. He failed to foresee the certain consequence of his own policy. And even if he had foreseen it, his mistake in stimulating Bulgar ambitions would still have forced him to demand the signature of the Turkish treaty. It is a shameful conclusion, shameful because this is a war which foresight might have prevented and which has actually been caused by



a policy without principle and respectful only of petty calculations of compensation.

What we have now to ask is whether the collapse will go any further. Can the principle of localising the struggle, the new version of the old peace of Europe formula, survive? Not in all circumstances. Overwhelming success on either side would drag in one of the Great Powers. Suppose Bulgaria carried everything before her. She would then emerge as a first-class Power, dominant in the Balkans, allied with Austria in the task of keeping the conquered Serbs properly cowed and ready to snatch Constantinople at the first favourable moment. That is a situation which no Russian Government could accept. On the other hand, suppose Bulgaria beaten. Then there would arise that Greater Serbia which Austria can never tolerate. Croatia is almost unmanageable already; the Serbs of Bosnia remember only the coup d'état of 1908 and not the thirty years of good government that went before it; and a triumphant Serbia would mean a revolt. It comes to this, that the credit of European diplomacy has sunk so low as now to be resting on the immoral hope of Serb and Bulgar bleeding one another to death. The hope is not without foundation. Look at the military position. The project of a Græco-Serb frontier will be destroyed if the Bulgars succeed in driving a wedge between the two armies opposed to them. It is already clear that Bulgarian strategy has been shaped for this purpose. By taking the offensive in the Struma Valley she is compelling the Greeks to keep a large force at Salonica. That enables her to strike with all the greater effect in the region where the Greek and Serb armies have made touch with one another. Against this we must set the point that Serbia is the real enemy. Now the business of the Serbs is simply to hold positions which they have already occupied for six months. They have had time to survey the ground, entrench themselves, and perfect their commissariat, while the Bulgars have to take the offensive with armies only lately transported from Thrace. In strategy, then, the advantage is with the Bulgars, in tactics with the Serbs. Nor is the balance more decisive either way when we consider the question of morale. Man to man the Bulgar is certainly the superior of the Greek, and probably of the Serb, though here his advantage is by no means what it was in the Slivnitza campaign. But this superiority is set off by the fact that Bulgaria sustained the greater losses in the Turkish campaign, especially among her officers. Remembering that the country favours guerilla warfare, and that the campaign is only too likely to be marked by ferocity, there is nothing unreasonable in the suggestion that the combatants will fight one another to a standstill.

There is, however, still one unknown factor in the situation. For the past fortnight there has been a lack of detailed news from Bucharest. All we know is that Rumania is mobilising, and it is on this account that she is keeping quiet. The mobilisation of a real army, including a country's whole manhood, is a very important affair, on whose smooth accomplishment the final issue of a campaign may depend. Englishmen, who may miss this point through ignorance of what a real army is, should note the strictly defensive attitude taken up by the Prussians in the first fortnight of the war of 1870. Rumania, following the example of the other Balkan States last autumn, is mobilising before showing her hand. One thing is already clear and is eloquent of the diplomatic revolution brought about by the Turkish collapse. Rumania, which has hitherto been regarded as attached to the Triple Alliance and definitely bound to Austria, has announced her intention of acting independently. More than that, she is contemplating action against Bulgaria, the Power whom Austria favours. The question of the hour is What will Rumania do? Will she feel that a Greater Bulgaria is a menace to her independence and so throw in her lot with Serbia? Or will she only make demands that Bulgaria can meet in part and so pave the way to the suggestion that Serbia should also give her compensa-

tion? The Rumanian army is nearly half a million strong. It has behind it the magnificent traditions of the 'seventies, and its commander-in-chief is a Hohenzollern. Here then is clearly a factor of immense importance, yet so obscure is the situation, so doubtful is it which way the balance of national interest lies, that it is impossible to say which side Rumania will take or even whether she intends to do more than use her army in terrorism. It is a crushing comment on the London diplomacy that it has created a situation of utter bewilderment, in which no one can do anything except anxiously await events.

#### CLEARED!

IS it usual for a man who knows he has a perfectly clean record to be pleased at being told that he has not done anything dishonourable? Do one's friends and supporters generally think it matter for great congratulation, for fine clothes and fatted calves, that we have not been proved guilty of corruption? One can well understand a man who has sailed exceedingly near the wind and been feeling bad on that account, not knowing any moment that appearances might not be too strong for him, rejoicing boisterously that he had been cleared of charges of base misconduct. One can understand his wanting all his friends and relations to rejoice with him. He has had a great and perhaps lucky escape, and his friends may well congratulate him on the happy issue out of his trouble. But we do not understand honourable men, against whom there is no ground for suspicion, thinking there is anything to be elated about in not being found guilty of corruption. The charge would be so obviously preposterous that they would hardly regard it as an insult. It would be taking it too seriously. Not so Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George. They and their friends have been long and loudly assuring the world that there is not a stain or a suggestion of stain upon their honour. They are white all over; they always were white all over; there was nothing to whitewash, though their friends on the Committee did not agree with them. Yet these most candid of honourable men take charges of corruption and impropriety with extreme indignation, and cannot keep within the bounds of decency their joy at being declared honest, one of them at any rate. Both of them, indeed, for if Mr. Lloyd George alone is indecent in his speech, they both were guilty of worse than indecorum in accepting the luncheon at the National Liberal Club at all. They have been so abysmally stupid over the whole business from the first, both in their own interest and their party's, that one can hardly be surprised at this latest bêtise. Had these naïve and childlike men, these innocent ones who know so little of the world and men and money, had any of an ordinary man's discretion, they must have seen that this feast of mutual congratulation can only excite suspicion. We say in all seriousness that the conduct of these men and the tone of their friends after the clearing has made it possible for us to doubt their absolute innocence even on the graver charges. Before we did not feel, or let ourselves feel, that it was possible to doubt it. But their demeanour now is not that of men really foursquare and without reproach. It is the demeanour of the dubious man who thinks to convince by constantly proclaiming that there is nothing against him. Men who were really sure of themselves would have felt and said that these charges were always ridiculous; there is nothing to make a fuss over in their being exploded.

These men have been whitewashed by a majority of the Committee; whitewashed by a majority of the House. Did they need an extra coating, a special whitewashing by Mr. Churchill? Evidently they felt that there were unwhitened patches yet. They were right there, and there is the explanation of this unseemly business. The Radical members of the Committee and the Ministerialists in the House declared them not guilty of corruption and there stopped. But the facts did not stop there; and the country knows the facts did not

stop there; and these men and their friends and the Liberal party know that the country knows it and is pondering it. They think the only game left to them is to shout so long and so loudly about the charges of which they have been cleared that the charges of which they have not been cleared may be unheard and forgotten. A clumsy and brutal device, but perhaps all that is left to them. They have not the fine feeling to realise that the thing unspoken is often heard more plainly than what is said. Tell half the truth to him who knows the other half and it is the silenced half that will stick. The defence of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George put up by their friends is as though a man charged with lying answered "Yes, but I did not steal". They insist that these two Ministers did not steal; but they were careless, they were indelicate in their conduct, they were not frank, they were not candid, they deliberately allowed the House of Commons to be deceived; they let it remain in the dark on a fact which was vital to the matter in issue. To excuse themselves they have to insist on fine distinctions between English and American Marconi companies, though the English company controlled the American; they have to plead ignorance of and inattention to the Marconi contract, which it was the duty of both Ministers carefully to examine and consider; they have to admit that they kept back from the House what they ought to have told it, and their excuse is that they did not think it relevant. The buying of Marconi (American) shares not relevant; unimportant! Yes; they took care the fact should not come out and it never came out; they were made to tell. So with the whole sordid story; there is no clean breast; there is no candour; cards are not on the table. The truth dribbles out or is dragged out. It is perfectly evident that if these men could have had their way, their dealings, which were all so honourable, would never have come to light. It is perfectly evident that they did not want the House to know; they hoped it never would know. Yet they did not deceive the House! They merely allowed it to remain in ignorance. This is what the Prime Minister calls a "frank and manly statement". We should have liked to hear a judge's view of it in court: Sir Rufus Isaacs' own view when he is Lord Chief Justice. Consider the matter from the point of view of these men's duty to the country as Ministers. Sir Rufus Isaacs, the head of the Bar, chief legal adviser to the Government, pleaded that he had no inside knowledge of the Marconi contract. Now he is precluded from advising on the Government's power to enforce the contract. In other words, by his dealing in certain Marconi shares while the Marconi contract was waiting to be ratified, the Attorney-General is estopped from performing for the country an obvious duty of his office. But he is triumphantly cleared! Mr. Lloyd George excuses his total disregard of the Marconi contract, on which he had to decide as a member of the Cabinet, because he was engrossed in the coal strike, which was not especially his business. But, as Mr. Balfour noticed, he had time to discuss with his stockbroker little flutters on the Stock Exchange. Mr. George asks indignantly why he should not enjoy a little gamble of that sort as much as a Tory member his bet at Ascot. But if a Tory Minister pleaded that he was too busy to attend to his duties, but yet found time to bet at Ascot, he would be judged very severely. If Mr. George were merely a private man, no one would care twopence what he did in the way of share-dabbling. And at any rate he might have had the honesty to admit he was speculating. Speculating is not a sin, but these men all through have made innocent things guilty by their prevarication. Still these Ministers are cleared; Mr. Churchill says so, and the Liberal party falls on their necks because, though they were careless, neglectful of duty, disingenuous, deceived the House, they were not corrupt.

"Don't drop it." Mr. Lloyd George need not be afraid. The country will not drop it. If he chooses to help us by constantly talking Marconi,

our party will not complain. It is right that it should be kept before the country; but it is a sordid subject, and we certainly shall not mind if Mr. George relieves us in part of the burden of keeping it before the country. But his party are fools to let him. Perhaps they cannot prevent him. "I have nothing to fear", he says. There is something in that. His game is up; he has no Lord Chief Justiceship to consider. There is nothing left for him now but to return to the Limehouse style and stir up the mud. He may get something out of the blackguardly element of society. But what was Mr. Churchill doing there? He has been playing the respectable part with considerable success for some time. Why this outburst? He gave away his dear colleagues with emphasis and alacrity before the Committee. He had never held a share in *any* Marconi company. There is something distinctly sinister in his appearance at the National Liberal Club and the emprossement with which he spoke. He must know that the Marconi affair has knocked out Mr. Lloyd George as a rival. Meantime he had better not throw mud at men like Lord Robert Cecil. He cannot afford to do it; it points the contrast out too much. Mr. Churchill's difficulty is and always will be to get anyone to trust him.

The Radicals on the Marconi Committee have added yet another pretty touch to the story. They take advantage of the Government's decision not to attempt to enforce the Marconi contract, to declare their office voided and themselves disbanded. Lord Murray, when at length he gets back, will find no Committee to examine him. No doubt he will be indignant. He will be so anxious to disclose everything and join the noble army of the cleared. If he is a gentleman by anything else as well as birth, he will insist on some tribunal being set up to give him his chance of explaining appearances which are now seriously against him.

#### THE LEICESTER ELECTION.

**L**ORD WOLMER'S Bill introduced under the Ten Minutes Rule, and the intense irritation it produced in the Ministerial ranks, is merely one of the signs that the Leicester result will form a landmark in the political history of the next few years. There are two distinct aspects of the question. The first is a matter of the personal honour of those concerned in the delivery of the repudiated telephone message. The second is the effect which the contest will produce both on the relations between Liberalism and Labour and on the internal condition of the Labour party itself. On the first point something must be said, however briefly. It is quite clear upon the statements of the principals concerned either that someone is not telling the truth or that a misunderstanding has arisen which ought to be cleared up immediately if the various parties implicated are to save themselves from an adverse popular judgment. There is only one person, and if this matter were to be tried in a court of law the fact would be obvious, who is in a position to explain to the Liberal and Labour parties, as he would have to do to a jury, what actually occurred. That gentleman is the mysterious go-between who gave Sir Maurice Levy the information upon which he acted, and whose name has so far been sedulously concealed from the public at large. It must be perfectly well known to twenty people who this eminent member of the Labour party is, and until his name is given and his testimony produced the Liberal and Labour, not to speak of the Unionist, electorate will come to the justifiable conclusion that something is being hid because a plain statement of the truth would not redound to the credit of Liberal and Labour politicians. It is the Marconi story in petto. The truth has to be dragged out bit by bit, first by an acrimonious discussion between the individuals concerned, and, secondly, by the pressure of public opinion. The country, however, is getting used to the standards of propriety set up by the Coalition Government, and this new instance of concealment will not surprise



anyone except those who can never cease to be surprised. At the last minute, and in the face of Lord Wolmer's accusation, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald suddenly announces that he sent before the date of the election two telegrams to repudiate the "Save My Seat Manifesto". To whom were those telegrams addressed? Why were they not published? Why did Mr. Ramsay Macdonald never allude to them before? In other words, who was guilty of what, on Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's own showing, was a deliberate suppression of the truth calculated to win a by-election on false pretences? All these piecemeal revelations are in accordance with the principles and practice which the present Ministers have established as part of the governance of the State. After all, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald can justify his policy of part revelation by the example of the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Really this succession of sordid political intrigues exhausts the patience of the public, which is the audience, and at the same time the jury which will shortly be asked to give the verdict.

The second aspect is of more general importance. The Leicester election threw up into vivid relief the figures of those parties both in the Commons and in the country whose conduct may have no small effect on the size of the Unionist majority at the next General Election. On the one hand we have a discredited Ministry, desperately anxious not to be beaten on a critical occasion in a seat presumed to be safe beyond the wildest dreams of Opposition. On the other hand we find a collection of Labour leaders in Parliament who have long since abjured even the pretence of independent action on behalf of their own constituents, and are only too ready to follow their own innate convictions, which are those of the small clerk and shopkeeper and not of the working classes at all, and to act as the lick-spittles of a Liberal Government which has given very practical proofs of its belief in the validity of a system of unearned increment. The most amazing part of the story is that anyone should ever have expected independence of a Labour party (at £400 a year) which possesses the record of this one. The men who, at the bidding of Mr. Redmond, allowed the Insurance Act to be passed without adequate discussion, and who thus fastened on men of their own class and on men far poorer than themselves injustices so great that an amending Act has been forced from Ministers by a popular outcry; who whitewashed the Marconi Ministers, and who are prepared to apply the bayonet to the democracy of Belfast, have reached the limit of political subservience. Only Tacitus could do justice to their case.

Great political aberrations produce inevitably their correctives—in this case a third party to the suit—a Labour section which believes honestly, however mistakenly, in the creed to which its official leaders pay nothing but a fleeting lip-service. Mr. Hartley, at any rate, represented something which an honest man can understand. In Mr. Wilshire he found an equally honest antagonist. What the successful candidate represented heaven only knows, and certainly not the electors of Leicester! The new member for Leicester's chief use appears to be that he acts as a warming-pan for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald performs the same useful function for the Government, and that the Government renders this essential service to Mr. Redmond. These facts have now obviously penetrated the minds of the great mass of the Labour electorate, and in consequence the Parliamentary Committee of the Labour party are finding themselves in an ever-increasing degree between the devil of official Liberalism and the deep sea of honest and outright Socialism. They have reached the stage where everything they do is wrong. If they give way to the feelings of their own electorate and claim a real independence they lose half their seats at the next General Election. If they cling to their dependence and their seats they are likely to be involved in the colossal overthrow which now awaits Ministers, and are face to face with the prospect of a violent internal disruption

within their own ranks. It never seems to have occurred to the very clever gentleman of the clerk class who dominates Labour policy that the choice of these evils might have been avoided if his party had pursued the policy to support which it was elected, and that is to represent Labour interests. With the Labour party as such we have never had the slightest quarrel, except a deep divergence of political principle on problems which will never be living ones in our generation. The direct representation of Labour in Parliament helps to balance the interests of the State, and should conduce in no slight degree to the stability of our institutions. But if Labour is to be represented, it must be there to represent the classes whose needs are, or ought to be, its especial care. Can anyone maintain that the existing Labour party is justified by its works if this definition of its function is accepted? As many Unionists know only too well, the Labour clique have cared nothing except for the maintenance in power of a Ministry which will pass Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and will avoid a General Election. There are always in every party certain honourable exceptions who can escape the indictment to which their colleagues are open. But in the main the indictment remains true that the work of Social Reform in the House of Commons, so far from being advanced by the presence in that House of the existing Labour party, is actually handicapped by the proceedings of the Labour leaders. No Radical back-bencher is so subservient as your Independent Labour man. Leicester has cast a light on these self-evident facts, and that is its claim to importance as an incident of the present time. For our own part we hope to see spring out of this particular quarrel a new Labour party genuinely concerned, like the Tory party, to improve the condition of the people.

#### THE GOVERNORSHIP OF GIBRALTAR.

ALL who have the welfare of Gibraltar at heart, whether they view it from the purely military or from the civilian aspect, will alike deplore the occurrences which have culminated in the resignation of General Sir Archibald Hunter. These are the more regrettable in that they were for the main part totally unnecessary, and, admitting that the questions at issue called for adjustment, it is tolerably certain that they could one and all have been settled without all this pother and fuss. The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar is to all intents and purposes an autocrat; the security of the fortress is in his keeping, and he is therefore rightly entrusted with supreme power to issue such orders as he may think necessary for the attainment of that purpose and for keeping order among its crowded civilian inhabitants. His powers are thus practically unlimited; so long as the orders he issues are lawful orders they are indisputable, and even when they may be considered by those they affect to be unreasonable, vexatious, or even illegal it is the duty of the inhabitants to obey them first and to appeal against them afterwards. To do justice to the very mixed race which serve to make up the population of the Rock, known to the polite world as "Gibraltarians" and to those who affect slang as "Scorpions", the inhabitants of Gibraltar are second to none in their loyalty to the British Crown and in their obedience to the rules and regulations of those who have successively acted as Governors for two hundred years.

Thus it was that Sir Archibald had merely to issue such orders as he thought fit and employ his ample staff of military and civil officials to see that they were duly enforced, and, in the event of any difficulties arising, to listen to any complaints brought in a respectful manner to his notice. Unfortunately he chose a totally different line. Having issued some orders for regulating the passage of civilian workmen through the narrow streets of Gibraltar, which, although admirable in themselves, were considered to be prejudicial to the interests of certain Gibraltar tradesmen, he first of all objected to receive a deputation from the Gibraltar



Chamber of Commerce, composed of the leading gentlemen and merchants of the place, setting forth their grievances, and, finally, when he did receive it, prepared a "set-piece" which might be looked upon as intensely humorous were it not so unfortunate in its results.

Having at last consented to receive the deputation, he arranged a reception for it of an altogether novel character. After naming 11 A.M. of 31 January as the date of his reception, he issued a fortress order for all the naval, military, and civil heads of departments, commanding officers and field officers to attend, as well as the representatives of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches and the leading civilians. Upon the assembly of this meeting, which was marshalled in a big schoolroom, with all the naval, military, and Colonial officials massed on the right and those representing the civilian population on the left, the Governor caused a long paper he had prepared to be read out by one of his staff. This he punctuated at intervals by verbal comments, humorous and the reverse, which gave dire offence to many. After nearly two hours of this he blandly thanked everybody for listening to his opinions and dismissed them forthwith. The luckless deputation was shown the door, among the rest, unheard and ignored! *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*. Many of the Governor's remarks were considered to be insulting; the assertion, for instance, that "Gibraltar jurors are partisans and are notoriously unjust"; others were questioned as giving an incorrect interpretation of the law.

The fact was that General Hunter committed a fatal blunder, which he, above all other men, as a soldier pure and simple, should have avoided. For in place of giving his orders he attempted to explain and justify them where no explanation or justification, save to his military and Colonial superiors in England, was necessary.

The results were obvious. A veritable hornet's nest was stirred up. Some three hundred grand, special, and petty jurors memorialised the Colonial Secretary on the matter of the Governor's attack upon them. The Chamber of Commerce sent a deputation to England to complain of many of his Excellency's charges and remarks which they considered offensive to them, as well as to the mass of Gibraltarians. After all, to tell a man who talks broken English that he talks "Gibberish" and that as good English is talked by "the rickshawmen at Durban" and far "better English by the donkey-boys at Suez and Cairo" is provocative.

And here comes the bedrock of the trouble; the lower classes in Gibraltar have assimilated many of the less desirable points of the Spanish race, with which they are so closely connected. It was the great Duke of Wellington who complained that the Spaniard had "no sense of discipline", the sense which causes a man to acquiesce in orders given and to obey constituted authority. With many Spaniards, and with Gibraltar folk also, there is simply an absence of this instinct of obedience or of thinking of the rights or convenience of others. The noisy mob, who loiter on the narrow pavements of Gibraltar and impede all traffic and drive all foot-passengers out on to the roadway, are not sensible of doing any harm. Why should not they loiter and smoke and spit? Why should they get out of the way? Is not the street made for men to stand in? When this crowd is reinforced by the thousands of dockyard labourers returning to their homes in Spain the streets are practically impassable for a time for ordinary passengers, and it was to remedy this notorious evil that Sir Archibald published his orders which caused such irritation.

At the bottom of all this storm in a tea-cup is the smuggling of tobacco. The eight thousand workmen who daily enter the fortress from Spain do their "shopping" in Gibraltar. This consists to a certain extent of purchasing sugar, tea, and other articles liable to heavy duties in Protectionist Spain; the exact proportion of tobacco thus bought to sugar must be left to the imagination. It is said that a former

Governor made the astounding discovery that every man, woman, and child, including infants in arms, who lived in Gibraltar, consumed at least a ton of tobacco annually! This was on the assumption that such tobacco as was not exported in the ordinary course was consumed on the premises.

No reasonable person who has visited Gibraltar during recent years will deny that a great deal that Sir Archibald Hunter said was thoroughly apposite and exposed a most undesirable condition of things. That the lower classes want schooling in the amenities of civilised life is obvious to all. That the middle classes would do well to comport themselves as do their fellows in England is equally true. The general indiscipline and lack of appreciation of the relative positions of employer and employed, of tradesman and customer, is not confined to the poorer classes. This, combined with an unceasing anxiety to see offence where none is meant, to stand upon a dignity which does not exist, is one of the most annoying traits of not a few Gibraltarians, and one which has for years past caused trouble and made it difficult alike to regulate their habits or to transact business with many of them. You send for, say, your electric-light man or your plumber. The matter may be urgent, yet you get as a reply that he is "out walking" or "at luncheon" or "asleep"! Subsequently you find that when not electric lighting or plumbing he is a Vice-Consul for some unknown and impossible foreign State, and you shudder at your temerity. There is truly an element of opera-bouffe in life on the Rock. But, for that reason, it is about the very last place in the British Empire where remarks such as General Hunter's would be tolerated. The fact is his career as a good and gallant fighting man appears to have unfitted him altogether for the administrative work of a Crown colony. From the very first, on the day of his arrival, he gave needless offence to many by electing to enter his official residence, "The Convent", by the back door and thus disappoint the crowds who had assembled and waited for hours to give him a loyal welcome in the streets. He next proceeded to alienate the upper classes on the Rock by attempting a ludicrous counterfeit presentment of Royalty at his entertainments, such as no wise Governor of Gibraltar has ever maintained. Having thus caused needless irritation to the man in the street, as well as to those whom he invited to his house, he has now extended his attention to everybody else on the Rock.

The most serious part of the whole affair is that there are symptoms that Sir Archibald's unfortunate remarks have not been without the effect of once again raising class prejudices on the Rock. In years gone by there was considerable antagonism between the military and the civilians, but this had of late almost, if not quite, died out. The position of the new Governor, Sir Herbert Miles, is not altogether an enviable one. The turbulent and more indisciplined among the masses will see in Sir Archibald's resignation a distinct victory for their side, and it will need considerable tact in the new Governor to initiate and to enforce the necessary reforms outlined by his predecessor without raising more opposition. But we have confidence in the good sense of those who represent officially the civil and mercantile interests of Gibraltar. The studious moderation they have shown throughout the whole business, especially in the presentment of their case and in keeping in check their somewhat excitable following, is beyond all praise.

#### THE CITY.

THE markets are now facing the possibility of a serious curtailment of the Rand gold output. With the major portion of the white labour employed in the mines on strike a complete cessation of underground work seems inevitable. As this would involve the unemployment of the whole of the natives engaged in the gold mines, a domestic problem may arise which

would need prompt action on the part of the Union Government. The menace of this situation affords the best reason for anticipating an early settlement of the labour troubles.

While a compromise is confidently expected and a resumption of work on the mines is unlikely to be long postponed, the probable effect of the curtailment of South Africa's gold supply is such as to inspire additional caution in business circles all over the world. The Rand gold output of over £3,250,000 a month has become a cardinal factor in the world's monetary and economic position, and a stoppage of production now would come at a very awkward time. Under normal conditions the demand for gold in connexion with the crops in Egypt, the United States, Canada, South America and India will cause serious stringency of money in the autumn, and the non-arrival of supplies from the world's biggest goldfield would accentuate the difficulties of the situation. Therefore, although it is confidently hoped the worst fears will not be realised, the Stock markets are likely to remain inactive until a settlement of the labour troubles on the Rand has been arrived at, and in the meantime bankers will advise extreme caution to customers who may have been contemplating any immediate expansion of enterprise.

Uneasiness as to the political situation in the Balkans has had a depressing influence on the Stock markets, but there is a disposition to believe that peace between the late Allies will soon be secured. (The City in foreign politics is not acute.) There can be no confidence until South-Eastern Europe is settled.

As regards Home Rails the increase in freight rates announced a few weeks ago has now become operative. This should bring increased profits, and as a moderate advance in dividends appears probable on most of the active stocks they may prove remunerative investments at present prices, provided labour disturbances are avoided. The Home railway section is, however, proverbially unsatisfactory for speculation in ordinary circumstances. The arrangement made between the Great Northern Railway and the Metropolitan for the joint administration of the Great Northern and City "tube" should prove mutually beneficial as suburban traffic develops.

The caution advised in dealings in Canadian Pacifics is justified by the falling off of \$176,000 in net profits for the month of May. It may be some time before the stock once more attains its recent popularity. Meanwhile there are doubts as to the immediate future of Grand Trunks, although, as a lock-up, they are favourably regarded.

Fears are entertained in some quarters concerning the maintenance of the 10 per cent. dividend of the Union Pacific Railroad. It is difficult to estimate the future earning power of the company, but there appears to be ground for believing that the fears are unfounded. The problem of the disposal of the company's holding of Southern Pacifics is now practically settled on terms which will not affect the investment income of the Union Pacific Company, and a revival of public confidence in the American market would have a material bearing on prices elsewhere. There is of course the probability of autumnal monetary stringency in New York which speculators at least cannot afford to ignore.

In the Mining markets the declaration of Kaffir dividends has been entirely overshadowed by the labour trouble, and the postponement by the East Rand Proprietary Company of the half-yearly dividend was an indication of the seriousness of the position. Rhodesians lack support, and are likely to remain a dull market.

The heaviness of commodity prices is still depressing the Rubber share department, and investment demand seems to have dried up. Oil shares have been subject to some liquidation of late, and suffer like all other markets from public apathy.

Rumours are revived in well-informed quarters of an agreement between the P. and O., Royal Mail and Union of New Zealand shipping companies. A

close understanding in regard to the Far Eastern route is expected; but it is not now suggested that there will be a financial amalgamation of the three companies.

## IRISH PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

By JOHN PALMER.

FRIENDS of the Irish Players (their old friends who visited the Court Theatre night after night at a time when they had the house virtually to themselves) have this year been moved to say some hard and necessary things about Mr. Sinclair and his comrades—namely, that the bloom is rubbed off their innocence; that America and the Coliseum have been bad for them; that they are tending to substitute in place of the old instinctive flair they had for the conduct of a scene a sophisticated sense of the stage—the sort of sense which in playwrights like Sir Arthur Pinero (who has it in perfection) is often mistaken for an ability to be dramatic. Some of this criticism is justified and timely. But we need not shake our heads in exaggerated concern. "The Playboy of the Western World"—usually the text of these lamentations—has certainly suffered during the last two years. How could it fail to suffer in being continuously played to audiences all over the world who make up their minds at the first word that it is a roaring farce for the exploiting of Irish oddities? The wonder is, not that the Playboy has suffered, but that he still contrives to preserve a really striking likeness to the original. In the charge of almost any other group of players submitted to so steady and powerful a pressure of temptation as the Abbey Theatre company has endured for the last two years the Playboy would by now be as much like the original hero of Synge as Charley's aunt or the man from Blankley's. It is really unreasonable to expect Mr. Sinclair always to measure the importance of his part to a hair when audience after audience insist that all he says and does supremely matters. It would be more reasonable to inquire why the Irish Players are submitted to these unnecessary ordeals. Why do they go to America? Is it for the fun of being locked up? Or is it for the fun of spoiling the Egyptians? Spoiling the Egyptians is a dangerous game, often ending in papers of naturalisation (possibly an advantage later on when it comes to the usual proceedings in bankruptcy). If the Irish Players are embarked upon a policy of spoils they will soon be of no artistic importance to anybody—Miss Sara Allgood, for instance, who has consented to play Mr. Bennett's heroine in "The Great Adventure".

The disease is not yet indelible. The sophistical iron of professional acting has not yet entered the soul of these most delightful amateurs. But they cannot stand the strain indefinitely. Either they must abstain from large and popular audiences, taking them, if total abstinence is unreasonable, only in moderate doses and at discreet intervals; or they must put in authority over themselves a producer who will represent the artistic conscience of the company and be implicitly obeyed. The first way is the best way, if we are to preserve the old happy art of the band of brothers who had never been to America. Let the Irish Players take a trip into the desert, playing their entire repertory for twelve months with Sahara for a stage and the Sphinx for an audience.

How far the sophistication of the Irish Players has gone is furiously disputed; but there is no question as to the Irish plays—not, of course, the plays of Synge and Lady Gregory, whose qualities have so often been discussed, but the plays of the young Irish authors with whom is the future of the Irish theatre. I have seen this year three new plays not hitherto encountered—Mr. S. John Ervine's "The Magnanimous Lover", Mr. Boyle's "The Eloquent Dempsey", and Mr. Ray's "The Gombeen Man". The common characteristic of these three plays—as of all the plays of the new men from the Abbey Theatre—is the impression they give of their author's keen pleasure in their people. Mr. Ervine hates his magnanimous lover with



a rare and refreshing hatred. He is not playing with a situation; or giving us a study in character. He is whole-heartedly scoring off his hero in every line of his play. The situation, the dialogue, the dramatic handling of his little group of folk is urgent with indignation. Mr. Ervine's magnanimous lover, so long as the play lasts, is our perfect idea of an absolutely detestable person, painting himself black with every word he utters. When somebody turns upon him with home-truth at the Court Theatre one can feel again the almost forgotten exhilaration of days when one hated and hissed with the loudest. Mr. Ray's gommeen man inspired equally agreeable dramatic sentiments. When the honest farmer unexpectedly outwitted his devilish machinations, thrusting into the hand of his creditor the full tale of the money he owed, the gommeen man might have been the old villain of the old piece whose artificial replicas still travel the country with the blessing of Messrs. Walter and Frederick Melville. The audience burst into applause, not because the acting was fine, or because it wanted to show appreciation of the author of the play, but simply because it was relieved and delighted that the villain should be foiled. The value of work like this for London is that it is the product of emotions spontaneous and sincere. These men are not accepting a formula. They are discovering for themselves the dramatic possibilities of their own real prejudices, feelings and ideas. The things they love and the things they hate are the stuff of their plays; not the things which they fancy an entirely imaginary audience is wanting to see and hear. There is in this work the dæmonic force of things sincerely felt and realised. Sincerity often shines through and redeems a style which is clumsy and crude (these remarks are not particularly aimed at Mr. Ray or Mr. Ervine), and characters which rather tend in their words and deeds to lie at the mercy of their young creators. There is no new thing, as we know, under the sun; which makes it the more charming to find a group of young artists joyfully making again old discoveries whose importance we are too tired to perpetuate for ourselves.

There is no villain in "The Eloquent Dempsey"; but our general impression holds of the author's personal interest in the work of his hands—his active emotional presence in the running of his plot. Mr. Boyle, in fact, takes so keen a pleasure in Mr. Dempsey that he blunders into the usual first mistake of an unsophisticated author. Mr. Dempsey is a bore. Mr. Boyle is, of course, delighted with him; puts him together with glee; winds him up; and asks us to share the fun of watching him go off every five minutes in long speeches about everything. Some of it is very good fun indeed. But it is perhaps the most difficult feat in the world to make an amusing character in fiction out of a bore in real life. Dickens tried it in Micawber; and failed. When Micawber begins to talk, it is we who wait for something to turn up. It would tax every resource of the most cunning and practised craftsman to make a continuously amusing figure out of Mr. Dempsey. Mr. Boyle does not even know how difficult it is. He assumes, with the innocence of his ardent personal delight in Mr. Dempsey, that Mr. Dempsey's orations, which would be tedious if we took them seriously, must nevertheless be amusing if we are invited to take them risibly. Mr. Boyle has innocently fallen into the mistake of a bad parodist. But "The Eloquent Dempsey" is on the whole an excellent comedy. It easily plays Mr. Birmingham's "General John Regan" off the stage—as easily as Mr. Sinclair excels Mr. Hawtree in the portrayal of a comically resourceful Irish double-dealer.

#### NOBLESSE OBLIGE IN PORTRAITURE.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

NOBLESSE oblige I have always understood is the bit and bridle of our aristocratic class. Whatever its members may feel ripe for, incited by inconvenient human nature or by any considerations what-

ever of gain, they invariably pull themselves up by repeating sotto voce, "No, it's not done; noblesse oblige". Invariably I say, confidently assuming that in matters of art, of having their portraits painted, for instance, they resolutely surrender their private wishes to an equally high ideal. In units, of course, our society and aristocracy are composed of individuals with unerring taste. Collectively, owing to the splendid ideal that inspires gregarious assemblies to follow blankly the lead of others, their taste in portraiture makes the fortune of a Mr. P. A. de László M.V.O.

But I seriously question if this sacrifice of individual taste to caste is politic, and deferentially suggest that in matters of portraits as well as conduct their celebrated motto should be the sheet anchor of aristocratic sitters. For they cannot afford to ignore their galleries of ancestral portraits, and if they will project their imagination so far as to see Mr. de László's performances hung in an atmosphere of Van Dyck, Dobson, Lely, and Gainsborough Mr. de László may expect to gain the rest he clearly needs. Indeed he might be led to concentrate his energies at home.

If we are not misinformed, however, his home reputation as a painter has worn rather thin; the Germans have discovered in his work a strikingly conspicuous resemblance to fashion plates and modistes' advertisements. We, too, in time will brilliantly make the same discovery, aided by the disconcerting effect of his portraits when hung in Welbeck Abbey, at Kedleston (or All Souls), and Lockinge Hall. Van Dyck, Dobson, Lely, Gainsborough, and Reynolds represent between them a pitch of taste and power of technique that make even so accomplished a craftsman as Mr. Sargent look rather "out of it" in their society. For there is something not flashy perhaps so much as flimsy about his point of view and paint when they are judged against a graver background. But if it is slightly compromising for a portrait to "look a Sargent", as we say, it is absolutely fatal to stand confessed a László. A roomful of Sargents at Messrs. Agnew's would wring from us a certain admiration by their assurance, directness and up to a point searching vision; the same gallery of Lászlós makes no appeal of this extenuating nature, for in technique, design, drawing and colour his work is quite deficient, slipshod and vulgar. Mr. de László would seem never to have learnt the rudiments of design, for instance the value of silhouette or pattern. He has so limited a sense of form that the planes of his heads and busts are confused; in his aerial and structural perspective the left eye in a three-quarters left portrait seems as far away as the right; the contours of cheeks or noses are fudged and groped for, the hair of his fair sitters' heads, for instance the Queen of Spain's, is a formless hash, wholly devoid of essential shape. As for Mr. de László's views on colour, they seem to me comparable with those of an indifferent milliner eking out a bankrupt colour sense with cheap and nasty materials. Washy mustard greens and pinks, drab yellows and soiled blues, irrelevantly animated with crude and acid tints, slop over from his aimless brush. His ability to interpret character can be simply gauged by the portraits of Lord Curzon, Lady Stafford, or Lord Roberts, who are well known for various kinds of character. But in the impartial eyes of Mr. de László they beautifully share the soapy shine and general polished vacuity of his other twenty or so portraits.

Why then is Mr. de László picked out to paint our noblest and our best? It is absurd to suggest that we have no native painters who can meet him, though they cannot beat him on the ground of ineffectual sloppy technique and fashion-plate characterisation. The Kaiser, of course, once patronised Mr. de László, whose work I should add has perceptibly deteriorated in the last five years. But snobishness of this genuine order must not be charged to aristocracy. Is it then a sheepish sacrifice of individuality that accounts for this extraordinary epidemic of ridiculous patronage? Ancestral collections of portraits impose definite obligations; in the early eighteenth century our aristocrats



tastefully employed the worst foreign painters procurable; they had a certain excuse in the scarcity of British painters, though I do not attribute their selection of wretched foreigners to that. In consequence the early eighteenth-century patches in most great private collections are insufferable discolourations. We say that the patrons of that time had no sense of high duty to their environment. Our great-grandchildren will make similar criticisms, no doubt adding the puzzled rider that they cannot explain why the Edwardian and Georgian nobility should have found it necessary to import the worst kind of foreign work.

The Goupil Gallery Summer Exhibition is interesting. We find there an amusing variety of schools. A remarkably good Etty gives us the measure of that brilliant painter, his intimate sense of colour and pigment, his feeling for large design, indeed all the external qualities that go to make a great artist. But Etty himself as a thinker was colourless and indefinite, therefore that on which he spent his technical equipment is artificial and stamped with the local prettiness of early nineteenth-century taste. But as a colourist he can teach us many things; Mr. Nicholson, whose Nos. 17 and 18 hang close, might take a wrinkle from him. Etty's colour has an "uncataloguable" quality, a native and inevitable spontaneity; Mr. Nicholson's something of the confection about it, something consciously attractive. The colour of "Ginny" is quite unpleasant in its sweetness; one is vaguely reminded of "art shades". But the head is a charming and sensitive interpretation alive with unpremeditated truth. Mr. Tonks' "After the Ball" has the true, unexplainable quality of fine colour; it is full of accidental notes and unconscious harmonies which could never be repeated. Mr. Pryde's "The Dogana" is curiously impressive in a dramatic and ominous way; but it is not deliberately stage-managed. It is difficult to say why it holds one; there is nothing on which one can precisely fasten. None the less you feel the presence of something imminent and this intangible feeling would never have been communicated by self-conscious drama. Another good picture in this show is "Hinksey Ferry", by Buxton Knight, or rather two good pictures joined together. In this vein Knight is much more interesting than in that of "White Lodge, Richmond".

Two young artists, each with something definite to say, are Mr. Spenser Pryse at the Leicester Gallery and Mr. Arnold Forster at the Chenil. In their work, whatever its technical pitch (Mr. Spenser Pryse's oils are much too sloppy and false in tone as yet), one sees clear purpose to express marked individuality.

## THE TECHNIQUE OF LAWN TENNIS.

By A. E. CRAWLEY.

IT is to the credit of a game which began its career as a substitute or makeshift for another that by developing certain latent possibilities it now holds a unique position among ball games for number and variety of strokes. No game employs so wide a range of elevation (from the half-volley close to the floor to the overhead-volley at a height of eight or nine feet); no game applies to its strokes so many principles of the hit, nor has any game produced so many theorems of projection and percussion. That is lawn tennis.

The reason is to be found in the peculiar conditions of the game. Predominant among these is the fact that the limits of the court are lines, not walls. Consequently the length of the ball's flight must always be controlled in some way. In a game like rackets, on the other hand, a full stroke requires no such regulation of pitch. Lawn tennis, however, has the perpetual problem of combining pace and "length" with shortening of the natural trajectory. The limit enforced by baselines and sidelines may be termed negative. The positive limit is provided by the net, above which it is necessary for the ball to pass.

The problem presented by this limitation was of

course realised at the institution of the game. As a matter of fact the infant pastime was for some years cradled in a veritable bed of Procrustes, two sets of nurses quarrelling about the actual nature of the limitation, and expanding and contracting the game accordingly. It was a curious business. To appreciate one must note that in real tennis a negative limit is provided by the chase principle, so that the ideal length-ball is one which falls (touches ground the second time) at the junction of end-wall and floor. Major Wingfield's rival, Mr. J. H. Hale, applied this method to lawn tennis. His court was ninety feet long, the dimensions being borrowed from tennis; and as he viewed it its circumscribing lines represented the walls of a tennis court, or rather the line of their junction with the floor. Quite logically, therefore, he laid down the principle that the ball's second bound, or "fall", should be *inside the court*. The larger dimensions of the court allowed of this, but the player no doubt found it more difficult to control the second bound than the first. Wingfield's principle of confining the negative limit to the first bound eventually prevailed, but there was a considerable struggle. Hale's idea, of course, was to give a *raison d'être* in the new game to the cut stroke of tennis. This shortens the ball's flight between drop and fall considerably when impact with the wall intervenes. It does so to a slight extent without a wall.

In the early days tennis players and rackets players applied their respective strokes to lawn tennis. The former hits the ball as it rises, with a "plain" stroke and a moving wrist; the latter hits at the top of the bound or as the ball descends, with an undercut stroke and a stiff wrist. Both methods succeed in passing the positive limit; the ball is lifted over the net. But the undercut stroke causes the ball to soar; the corrective is excess of cut, and this is laborious, as well as being detrimental to placing. In the rackets stroke the ball can only be kept in court by giving it a minimum of elevation, in which case it may fail to clear the net, or by sacrificing pace altogether. It is worth noting that a ball hit from the ground at the baseline with the rackets-stroke played at medium strength will drop just about the opposite baseline; this makes the natural trajectory of a lawn-tennis ball about twenty-six yards in length. The principle that in any game the dimensions of the "field" should be proportional to the natural "carry" of the ball is a sound one, but the adoption of the actual dimension of seventy-eight feet, inspired though it was, seems to have been suggested by a Badminton dimension of thirty-nine. This itself is unexplained, but the idea probably was a chance result of trial and error, and one may suppose that the flight of a lawn-tennis ball was considered to be roughly twice that of a shuttlecock.

Some principles of rackets and tennis are permanently valuable for lawn tennis. The open-face method gives elevation to the ball; for low ground-strokes and volleys it is essential. The amateur champion of rackets, Mr. Basil Foster, is a lawn tennis player. It is noticed that for low balls his stroke is very effective, but that for an average bound there is a difficulty in combining control with pace. Mr. C. P. Dixon is without an equal in the playing of "wristy" volleys and half-volleys. He played rackets for Cambridge, and has always used the rackets-grip in lawn tennis. The modification of the tennis-stroke known as the "chop", the cut being applied not underneath the ball but obliquely downwards, is still a useful stroke for certain balls, and great players, like Mr. Beals Wright, sometimes make it their staple ground-stroke.

It is interesting to find that one of the earliest methods of applying negative control was a modification of the rackets-stroke together with the employment of the natural trajectory of the ball. The "Irish drive", evolved on the slow grass courts of Ireland, hit a falling ball with a rising racket. The "lift" applied by the stroke was increased elevation controlled by over-spin. In this stroke we have the germ of the principle which characterises lawn tennis as a game, and for the development of which it has a unique claim to honour. Mr.

H. F. Lawford, the great rival of Mr. William Renshaw, has the credit of first exploiting the drive with top or over spin. He wanted to hit the ball with his full strength—his genius told him that to do this it was first necessary to hit at the very summit of the bound, and secondly to hit down. But only very high balls, near the net, can be hit down with a "plain" stroke. One can imagine Lawford trying it with ordinary balls and being forced by necessity and mother-wit to apply that potential downwardness which top-spin alone can impart. The application of top-spin also solves the problem of the positive limit; it elevates the ball. When not used to excess, when in other words the ball is struck full first and then spun forwards as the racket turns over, the stroke avoids the defect of its quality, namely an excessively curved trajectory. A ball with top-spin is the final solution of the problem presented by the line-limits of the game. Such a ball shortens its flight by an automatic "duck" at the finish.

Meanwhile, from Lawford's day onwards, theorists have argued that the great object is to hit the ball "plain", without spin. Their reason is clear; placing is so important—another characteristic of the game being to send the ball, positively, out of the opponent's reach, but, negatively, within the limits—and placing needs a maximum of what may be called "purity of line". But top-spin works vertically, and does not affect "line" as "side" or "drag" may do. The truth is, as in the drive at golf, a minimum of spin and a maximum of direction. Velocity also applies; top-spin has the merit of bringing the ball quick off the pitch; such a ball is not easily retrieved.

A modern development of this unique feature is to hit so that the over-spin is also across the ball. A ball charged with this bullet-like rotation both ducks and breaks. The break is very fast, and apparently in the opposite "sense" to the movement of the racket. The slower the hit and the greater the spin, the quicker does the ball come off the ground. Such a drive is a googly; it is of course the "American" service applied to the ground-stroke. But experts also apply it to the volley. The great principle of hitting down has thus for the inexpert the additional terror of paradoxical break and an extension to all the departments of projection.

The "draw" stroke, as played by Mr. Gore, enables a full hit to be taken with extended arm, the left-hand "side" given to the ball controlling its flight to a slight extent. In all ground-strokes the hit off a rising ball is the expert's ideal; it multiplies the quickness of the stroke and thus expedites the attack. In the service the shorter negative limit of the service line is thoroughly mastered by the downward capacity both of the American service and of the obliquely cut service. The hard straight service is brought down by the dropping of the hand in the follow-through.

This last method characterises the strokes of what the Americans style the "air-work" of the game. Here too there has been developed a practical science of "angular" volleys, the ball being deflected at any angle with its previous direction by holding the racket-face at the angle required. Mr. Doust and Mr. Heinrich Kleinschroth are adepts in this art. As an exponent of the various principles sketched out above, perhaps no player to-day is more suggestive than the young American champion, Mr. Maurice McLoughlin. The connoisseur of ball play will find him to be both ultra-modern and sound.

#### THE HORN ARM.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THERE is a little old plastered-up cottage about two or three miles from anywhere in which I keep a rod and some angling tackle. I came down into the river valley where it lies, one of the few houses or huts thereabouts, and knocked at the door between twelve and one o'clock in the full blaze of the sun. At first I thought the people must be out for a walk or at church, as nobody answered for half a minute or so.

I knocked again, and then the window just above half opened and a head appeared, very sleepy and tousled, and a voice not yet nearly wide awake faintly acknowledged my call. Remembering it was hay-time and Sunday, I understood the situation and went away for a short time. Returning, I found the door open and a man, more than half dressed now, ready to show me where my rod lay on two nails along the ceiling beam and my other things in a corner of the room. The first thought that comes into the mind when we meet with a case of this sort at midday on Sunday in deep, remote English countryside is a thought of beer. Beer, two or three good gallons of it served out in blue and white mugs can put the right sort of drinker, the man with the strong stomach, into a sleep as deep and long as that of the unknown lodger who, according to Dick Swiveller, ought to have paid for a double-bedded room. A huge navvy got into the railway carriage with me at Micheldever one day lately, and asked me to wake him at Winchester. In two minutes he was tremendously asleep, so that when the train stopped I had to thump and haul at him and to call out to a porter to come and haul too. He was got out somehow, looked a word of thanks at me; and I firmly believe he then fell off asleep again standing on the platform as the train started.

Now that was a case largely of beer, after heavy work no doubt; beer completely ruling the whole of that great bulk some six feet six by sixteen stone at least. He had been working a double shift and drinking at the end of it a treble.

But a man's sleep can be very heavily drugged though he drinks nothing but cold water or cold tea. It can be drugged simply by long, slow toil in the fields at all times in the English year, and most of all, because longest of all, at this wonderful time of the hay.

I have not the least doubt that it was this drug that had put the man in the plastered old hut into a sleep out of which he seemed not quite to have come when I said good-night to him eight hours later. A pillow of hay can be as powerful as any pillow of hops.

I had a few words with my friend before I left him and went down the stream. His head was still tousled, he was walking about without boots and both his great-toes appeared through holes in his coarse socks. It must be an exquisite pleasure to get outside and keep outside boots for one whole night and day in the swinking heat and drought of hay-time. I have known for years an old worker in Sussex who tells me he suffers terrible at times from "the cancer corn". The disease may or may not be recognised by doctors, but the name of it at any rate is suggestive: boots such as they sell in the country shops must sometimes be sheer devils to the field workers in hot or bad weather—clouted shoon and cancer corn!

My friend's shirt-sleeves were tucked above his elbow. He wears them so on the day of rest from mere habit; or, stripping himself when he went to bed last night, he had not thought of unrolling them. At the height of hay-time the workers, when they go to bed, do not fold up their clothes neatly and smooth away the creases: and, by the way, I very much question the tradition of clean-shirt day in some of these valleys and downs—there is too much optimism about it.

His arms, like his face, were tanned, of course, by the sun in the usual way. There is no particular sign of a giant's share of field labour in that. Any person can be tanned by two or three easy days of doing little or nothing in the sun. It is even held to be an ornament by triflers in sport and play, and some women reckon it better than rouge. Anybody can get tanned, but black tan is quite another thing. This man's forearm, most of the upper and under part of it clean to the elbow, had burnt to a dark horn.

In a few difficult words he told me what his work had been like of late. He had been at work on two small neighbouring farms at the same time; now a bit of carting on one, now a go at hay-making on the other; to bed on midsummer day, and other days, at dark, up next morning—asked to oblige—by three. At that



hour some work at the plough had lain before him; for even when the smell of the drying clover and grass fills every yard almost of that little river valley, and many fields of hay are threatening to go to seed before the cutter and binder can be got to them, there are bits of soil hungry for the plough, and all manner of other odds and ends are beginning to press. Ploughing soon after three in the midsummer morning and hay-making and minding the cart-horses till eight or nine at night—it is this kind of day that makes of a man's forearm black horn.

The worker seemed to have a vague, puzzled sort of notion that he was doing more work than he particularly wanted on fourteen bob a week and old plaster, but it did not go much beyond that; he did not raise the question of a quid a week all round or talk about the People's Charter. None of that genial hypocrisy—the horn on his arm was too hard and black. I made it fifteen bob on the strength of having broken his beauty sleep, and went away down stream to get tanned by trifling with sport.

In sentiment the old thatched cottage and the people in it seem to fit perfectly into the landscape and its life. Who, for instance, can in literature dissociate ploughmen from larks? It has been in the poetry of English thought and literature from the start. It is in Wordsworth—always—and in Milton and Clare and in Gray. Nowhere is the idyll more frequent, and nowhere does it find a lovelier form than in Shakespeare—his glorious little country songs about the bumpkins and the birds being steeped in it. Generation upon generation, too, of artists have painted it. The gay cottage garden, the cottage with the black oak beams and little windows like eyes under the trim thatch, the merry group of children, the honest, healthy—always healthy—worker setting out to his joyous toil—it is all so worked into our idea of the natural life and the nature scene. But now and then one has a doubt. After spending the rest of the day in the crammed meadows of July, now stumbling into a hidden runlet through the uncut grasses, now pushing through a reed bed more than shoulder deep, I confess to a doubt whether there is after all such a near relation between "Nature" and the man in the plastered cottage. I find myself then dissociating ploughmen from larks. Listening to the reel of the grasshopper warbler in the river eyots and tangled water-pits, or, where the musky hay lies cut and ripe, lighting on a brood of tiny striped partridge chicks, bits of the egg-shell still about them, is certainly getting one's share of the open life. The taste of the thing is extremely good. I suppose it may be called intimacy with the earth in a way. There is also a sense of intimacy with the natural scene in getting a little wet and hot and happily tired by a day spent in doing nothing in such places at hay-time.

But what intimate relation have such things, the poetry and pleasure of the natural scene, with the man who was up at three, not in bed till nine or ten, and whose forearm turned black horn by midsummer through work in the field? What has he to do with larks, except sweating whilst they are singing? What has he to do with reed beds except mowing them down by and by—a tough job—after all the hay and corn has been carted? Nor does he—in hay-time anyway—grow a little hot, a little wet, and happily tired: he does these things on the animal scale on which the navy slept in the train.

Coming back an hour before dark to lay my toy along the beam again, I found horn arm moving gingerly as ever about the road in front of his plastered cottage. He was still outside the punishing boots, and his great-toe stuck out of the hole in his sock. His head was tousled as before, and the heat had fetched on his sprouting bristly beard. Perhaps he was a little spryer in manner than at one o'clock, for he had eaten his dinner and filled a pipe or two, I think. But he still had the puzzled and vague air of one who feels there is something wrong about life, some obscure ill, though he cannot exactly spot it. It may take some

time for him to wake to the truth that a man who, year after year, can work at the earth like this might very well be trusted to own a bit of it himself; for one thing, there are too many intellectual swindlers about ready to put it off with talk about "fair rent courts" and "fixity of tenure". Also, there are some who want—there is no denying—to keep down the hay-makers, and yet others who want to keep down the hay. So that gluttons for earth work like this man with the horn arm are slow to reach the truth. But sooner or later they are bound to blunder on the truth. They will then set about taking what is now denied them; and the evil of it will be this, they will take more of it than is good for them.

## FEAR.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IN my sleep in the stillest part of the night I became aware that something was moving. One of those outlying sentries of the brain which seem to be empowered to deal with minor disturbances without awaking the general intelligence registered it at first simply as movement, although not of a kind sufficient to alarm or awake me. But it was persistent; and, like one view dissolving into another on a screen, the state of dreams gradually gave way to a state of consciousness. Something was moving in the room, rustling and fidgiting with a noise that suggested some soft substance in contact with wires. I thought at first that my goldfinch, who dreams on a perch not far from my bed, was stirring in his sleep; but I have known him for years, and it is his habit to sleep as soundly as his master, and to make no movement until, when the curtains are withdrawn, he sings a short *réveillé* and descends to his breakfast of teazel and thistle and cornflower seeds. But the noise continued; it was something like the sound of a bird jumping and fluttering in a cage; and, alarmed lest some malady should have visited my old friend, I slid out of bed and switched on the light. The noise ceased absolutely. There was my goldfinch with his crimson head under his brown wing, fast asleep in his accustomed place, and nothing stirred in the room. Not a little puzzled, I went back to bed and tried to sleep; but I had not been unconscious for many minutes when I was again aroused by the rustling and leaping, this time accompanied by an actual chirping which made me think that Sir Japp Silk (for that is the goldfinch's name; he used to be called Mr. Silk, and was created a baronet after his last moult) must be indulging in a seizure of some kind. But a certain definiteness in the sound directed my attention to the top of a cupboard in another part of the room, and there I remembered that an empty bird cage had been placed. I lay and listened; certainly the sounds came from there, but they were the sounds of some creature demented, rustling and scrambling, shrieking and tumbling within the wires of the cage. And suddenly I remembered that some seed had been left in the bottom of the cage; some hungry mouse toiling up the stairs of three storeys had discovered it, and was rioting and rejoicing in the possession of so excellent and abundant a repast. I stole out of bed and again switched on the light, and as the room sprang into brightness the scrambling stopped, and a dark object with a tail leaped out of the cage, ran along a shelf and down a curtain, and disappeared behind a chest. I went back into bed, but had not been there five minutes before the scrambling recommenced, and with it the leapings and squeaks of excitement. I had left the light on and had only to open my eyes and look; and there sure enough was the mouse, nibbling and jumping with strange antics on the floor of the cage. I sat up; he turned and looked at me; and in the same instant fear laid hold upon him and me. We looked at one another in terror. Until he had seen me I had been conscious only of interest; but now that he was alarmed and stood for a paralysed moment before running away I was conscious of being thoroughly frightened. I am not more fearful than most people,



and in moments when danger of any kind has threatened me I have only been aware of a slightly increased interest in life; but now I was conscious of fear, and could actually hear my heart thumping within me. For a moment the mouse stood up and looked at me, and then, with an incredible darting furtiveness, disappeared.

I turned the light out and returned to bed thoroughly shaken, my nerves on edge and my senses on the stretch for the first warning of the creature's return. I tried to quiet myself by analysing this preposterous emotion; but I could come to no other conclusion than that it was the fear in the mouse's heart which had evoked and awakened fear in mine; and I tried to comfort myself with the reflexion that I was only exemplifying in my own person the truth that fear begets fear. But my peace had been wrecked; an uncanny terror had entered my quiet room and inhabited there with me. I could not spend another night like that; so on my instructions a trap was set, and by the time I retired to rest the next night I had forgotten my fear. But I was again awakened in the dead of night by scratching and chirping—this time, alas, from the place on the floor where the trap had been set. I tried to endure this for a little while, but fear and compassion both wrought in me to such an extent that I rose and gingerly picked up the trap, and, with a sinking heart, carried it to a place of execution. There by a familiar machinery I created a maelström, and, shutting my eyes, opened the trap and violently shook it. When I looked again the trap was empty and the mouse had disappeared. I returned to my couch literally shaking, and feeling like a murderer.

But, having embarked on this fatal path, I felt I must continue. Perhaps there were two mice; if so, justice must be done upon the second one; I would not have fear in the room with me. Again the trap was set, and again in the chill hours of the dawn I heard the scratchings and whimperings of a second prisoner. I lay and considered the horrors of the previous night, and that I must now rise and repeat them; and my blood froze at the thought. Not again, by my hand, that murderous act! I would leave it until the morning and let other hands do the fell deed. And I began to count the hours until my servant should call me and bring relief; but sleep had fled, the whimpering voice continued, and I could bear it no longer. Once more I rose up, determined to cast out fear once and for all. I grasped the trap, but as I approached the place of execution my heart totally failed me and my feet refused to continue in the way. Instead, I took another direction, turned downstairs still carrying the trap, until I had reached regions of the house quite unfamiliar to me. And here (to be truthful) I opened the trap and enlarged the mouse; and the last I saw of him was a disappearing tail that fled through an open grating to freedom and the vicinity of stables.

With a light heart I returned, and, with a perfect inward confidence that it would not be needed, reset the trap and returned to bed, and slept sweetly and dreamlessly until the morning. When I awoke the trap still gaped; and since that day neither mouse nor fear has visited me while I sleep.

#### FRAGMENT OF A HYMN ON THE EARTH.

GLORIOUSLY hath she offered up  
From the thousand heaving plains of time  
Her sons, like incense from a cup,  
Souls, that were made out of the slime.  
They strove, the Many and the One,  
And all their strivings interwoven  
Enlarged Thy Self-dominion;  
Absolute, let them be absolved!  
Fount of the time-embranching fire,  
O waneless One, that art the core  
Of every heart's unknown desire,  
Take back the hearts that beat no more!

HERBERT TRENCH.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MILITANCY AND THE HIGHER CULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 25 June 1913.

SIR—The origin and genesis of militant suffragism are variously explained, but as to one predisposing cause there seems to be fairly general agreement. Radicals describe the movement as one of intellectual inexperience. Conservative educationists say pretty much the same thing when they tell us that what the militant is really suffering from is over-education. A larger dose of what is called higher culture has been pumped into her than her nervous system and brain-power are fitted to cope with. She does more thinking—of a sort—than is good for her. She is too highly instructed for her years and mental calibre. It may readily be admitted that, if the militant's irascibility and lack of balance are due to these causes, if she is simply the victim of overstrain, as such she is entitled to some measure of sympathy. One thing at any rate is certain, namely that the educated suffragette on the rampage (and many of our feminine apostles of violence are women of considerable culture) is not a natural product of British womanhood. She is distinctly a manufactured article: the question is, how and where is she manufactured? The methods employed by W.S.P.U. leaders for working up the martyr spirit among their rank and file are described by Mrs. Billington Greig, herself a sufferer for "the cause", in her recent book; but these are not the initial processes whereby the militant is created. Her education against male domination and the ordinances of Nature commence at a much earlier stage of her career. The true forcing-grounds for suffragist opinions, followed or not, as the case may be, by militant action, are to be found in girls' secondary schools and colleges. It is freely asserted, and has never, so far as I know, been seriously denied, that a system of proselytising is actively carried on in these seminaries, and that ardent feminists among the mistresses and teachers thus become, consciously or unconsciously, directly instrumental in swelling the ranks of the extremists. History, we are told—presumably the history learned in suffragist schools—has taught the youthful cultured pétroleuse that her political ends "cannot be gained by reason, but only by coercion". Fortified by this conviction, and supremely conscious of her own rectitude, she sallies forth to seek the martyr's crown (or its modern equivalent, the hunger-striker's medal) by devouring widows' houses with fire. The sage who defined an egoist as a person who burns down another man's house to boil his own egg has proved himself a prophet no less than a wit.

These exasperated intellectuals, temporarily turned amateur midnight wreckers, are worshippers of the false gods set up in the educational forcing-house. We are grievously oppressed just now by an excessive cult of the intellect. "The only thing which counts in the valuation of offspring is the amount of mind they can show", says one highly-educated feminist. Woman's "first, second and third duty is to herself", and the interests of the coming generation must be put aside directly they begin to interfere with the mother's mental development. When college-trained women hold and express views of this kind we see the vice inherent in our existing system of over-education, with its haphazard methods and, in the case of girls, its slavish imitation of masculine methods. But, if over-education is bad, over-education coupled with the forcing of dubious political dogma into young and inexperienced minds is worse; and, if only for this reason, school mistresses and masters would be well advised to "stick to their crepidam"—which is teaching—and, in term-time at any rate, to leave controversial politics severely alone. The polemical educator, be he (or she) Tory, Radical or Suffragist, should be rigorously suppressed. The teacher who indulges her proselytising impulses by making converts among her pupils is straying far outside her legitimate province: she is not playing the

game as it should be played. Women tell us that their daughters' characters and opinions are fashioned far less nowadays by home influences than by their school life and training. It is well known that some teachers acquire an immense influence over the impressionable girls committed to their care. They become the objects of an adoration, a sort of emotional hero-worship, which is as fervent as it is unreasonable; and they are making a wholly unfair and improper use of their personal influence and intellectual authority when they forge them into weapons of political propagandism. Colleges and schools, of course, are to be found where nothing of this sort takes place; but there are many others where pressure of various kinds, both direct and indirect, is put upon girls to become suffragists. The whole tone and spirit of the place tend in one direction. The glorification of woman is accompanied by abuse of woman's mate; the ground is prepared for the new popular pose of man-hating and marriage-despising; the seeds of self-worship and sex-warfare are sown, and we cannot wonder that a crop of much questionable doctrine ensues. The last thing we parents are allowed to do is to have a say in the methods of our children's education; but the time may come when the father of daughters will consider more carefully the objects for which he is paying stiff school and college fees. He may well weigh the risk, by no means a negligible one in these days, and the possible mortification of seeing fresh young girls turned, automatically, as it were, into machine-made suffragettes—with the added chance of militant hysteria supervening on mental overstrain, over-excitement, and obsession with a single political idea.

The President of the Headmistresses' Conference told us the other day that less excitement, more peace and quiet were needed in girls' schools, and that nothing could be done well if the strain on the nervous system were too severe. The consequences of that overstrain we know only too well. It seems a pity that the much-coveted higher culture should be employed, not only to fashion young women into imitation young men, but also, with strange inconsistency, to create sex-prejudice, to embitter the relations between men and women, and, I must add, to foster that spirit of rather callous egoism which is so marked a feature of modern feminism, and which bids fair to become a fashionable cult. The "triumphant doctrine of the ego", Scandinavian in origin, but now apparently finding a congenial home on English soil, parades its militant, slightly muddled, and go-as-you-please standard of ethics with the same assurance as of old. That era of "holy, awful, individual freedom", foreshadowed twenty years ago—an era when the individual is to be sole judge of what is right, and everybody is to have his own private moral code—is still the dream of the feminist intellectual. Truly the Higher Culture has much to answer for.

I am yours obediently  
HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

#### NEGATIVE LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill Clarkston Glasgow  
28 June 1913.

SIR—By way of showing the congruity and beauty of assessable values which are less than nothing, their Lordships of the Supreme Court used certain illustrations whose family resemblance, not to say identity, suggest a simultaneous plagiarism from a common original. A negative site value, they say, is entirely analogous to a temperature stated as being so many degrees below zero, or a date as being so many years before Christ. That is all very well so long as we are dealing with increment of value, they say, not with value itself. No illustration whatever is required to show that from  $x$  to  $y$  is a positive measurable distance, only provided that  $x$  is algebraically less than  $y$ —that is, less positively or greater negatively.

But increment duty is not the only member of this

noble family. There is also undeveloped land duty. Would their Lordships propose to perfect the symmetry and beauty of the system by making the duty, where the land value is negative, payable by the State to the landowner? For that is the only logical and mathematical way of obtaining such perfection.

As these values are mainly, if not exclusively, a Scottish phenomenon, it may be well to explain, for the benefit of your English readers, how they arise. When a man here in Scotland buys a bit of ground to build a house he may pay the value down or come under obligation to pay an equivalent perpetual annuity, called a feu duty. The latter course is the one usually followed. The buyer (feuar) becomes the absolute owner of the ground, liable as such, by express stipulation, for all rates and taxes on it; the seller having no pecuniary claim on him beyond the punctual payment of the feu-duty, which is secured on the ground and everything that may be put on it. At the start, the value of the feu-duty is, of course, the value of the land. After the house is built, and the security thus increased, it may be, manifold, further charges, either feu duties or ground annuals (which in their essential nature differ little from feu duties) may be set up for the purpose of raising money, these later creations ranking after the original feu-duty in the order of priority. Now the Act provides that to get at the assessable site value of the land we are to deduct from the full site value (which is at first just the value of the original feu-duty) the value of all these fixed charges; and as the sum of these latter may be to any extent greater than the said full site value, the resultant difference, which is the assessable site value, will in that event be to the same extent less than nothing. The intention of course was to spare the feuar and catch the landowner who has not yet feued his land. I am confident that, partly from ignorance and partly from want of foresight, the possibility of a negative value never occurred to the framers of the Act before the event. Many months before negative values were publicly heard of I returned the value of my house-site, in strict conformity with instructions, as "£100 less than nothing". I could see how I staggered the official with whom I had to do when I showed him the result.

There is another effect of the Act which I am sure these wiseacres did not foresee. Along with the landowner, they have caught the poor man who has bought his ground outright. This aspect of the case was probably not in Lord Haldane's mind when he delivered himself thus:

"Suppose two houses side by side in a street where the site values were exactly the same . . . and that in the case of one of them a lump-sum price had been paid so that there was a small feu-duty or none at all, while in that of the other the feu-duty was substantial. The assessable site value might appear as a minus quantity in the latter case and as a positive quantity in the other. . . . And yet there was really no difference between the two cases except in the mere forms in which the price was paid. . . ."

For two houses put two sites of undeveloped land, and suppose me to be the owner of the first and Lord Haldane the owner of the other. I am liable in full for undeveloped land duty for no better reason than that I have paid money for my ground. Lord Haldane is exempt because he has paid for his in another form.

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN GOVAN.

#### WHY NOT BE FRIENDS?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 12 June 1913.

SIR—In the SATURDAY REVIEW of 24 May there appeared a leading article entitled "Why not be Friends?" the main purport of which was to show that if Germany and Britain once come together "no conceivable combination in Europe could dispute their supremacy".

This, I think, must be evident to everyone, but how

is it to come about? How are we to become friends? To me it appears self-evident that we cannot become friends until we know each other thoroughly, but to obtain this knowledge it is necessary for us either to travel in Germany or else to come into constant contact with the German atmosphere.

The first necessity is only capable of being carried out by a very few, and hence most of our knowledge of foreign countries is obtained from books, articles in periodicals, and lectures.

Now what is the state of affairs in Great Britain at the present time? We have any amount of books on France. In all periodicals which are read by educated people one finds articles on France, French literature, French art, and even French sport.

One can now also obtain most of the French classics in cheap editions published in Britain, but one has to look long before coming across an article on Germany or a lecture on the Germans, and it is this great lack of interest in Germany and things German in the Press of the present that is to blame for our ignorance, and hence suspicion, of all things pertaining to Germany.

The remedy for this suspicion is to give German as good a chance in the schools as French gets, and to encourage, as far as possible, all articles and lectures whose subject is the land of the Teuton.

I am etc.

H. R. D.

#### "SUB ROSA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 Cauldwell Street Bedford

30 June 1913.

SIR—There is a temper of admirable boldness and practical chivalry informing and pervading your article, "Sub Rosa", which almost disarms criticism. Yet, after all, it leaves without rebuke the effective spirit of gaiety which on Rose Day turned the duty of giving into a pleasant and exciting process. Why should philanthropy be dull? The paying of rates for the healing of the sick would be a dull transaction, would it not? Rate-collectors get no smile from actress or duchess. Anyhow, at present, hospitals are supported by voluntary contributions. The thing is to get the money. It is got for the most part by voluntary collectors from a shining circle of benevolent people and from worshippers in churches. The proportion of those who give, in relation to the adult population, is so small that if you think about it long you lose heart. Now, in this humane matter why should nearly all the world go free? "Rose Day" gives an opportunity to the neglected. It is hard luck on those who have already given privately and in church, but it is philanthropy made easy, and with compensations, when a rose is given for a penny or for a pound. If you wear your rose you go street-free all the livelong day. What "blackmail" puts a thorn into that rose?

But the subject opens up wider issues. Probably your contributor so intended. Outside churches and chapels the voluntary principle appears to be decaying. To quote a Yorkshire saying, which by no means represents Yorkshire, "If thou does owt for nowt do it for thi sen" (thyself) seems to express a growing feeling. It is not a gratifying sign of the times. Rose Day is at least a protest against that tendency. The ladies who beg get nothing for themselves. The most irritated pedestrian can escape for a coin. Will it be a blessed day for England when hospitals are thrust by sheer necessity upon the rates? Happily, religion still illustrates the vitality of the voluntary principle. If I may quote the Church to which I happen to belong—the Wesleyan Methodist—I will point out that at the beginning of the century it raised a million guineas for religious purposes, and it is now raising a thankoffering of a quarter of a million for missionary work. This, of course, in addition to the perpetual support of its ministry and all its buildings and manifold agencies.

In the main the giving is as cheerful as it is voluntary. And the cheerfulness is, so we have it on high authority, an asset of priceless value. We must give to hospitals. Why not do it cheerfully as, on Rose Day, it is beautifully possible to do without injuring other forms of assistance?

Faithfully yours

J. EDWARD HARLOW.

[Is our correspondent sure that none of the "ladies who beg" gets anything for herself? Does he suppose they do it from a stern sense of duty? As for the cheerful giver, if the rose is worth anything the buyer is not a giver at all, and if he buys it, as most do, to escape molestation, he certainly is not a cheerful giver. Religion and philanthropy "made easy" is quite the thing for a popular preacher. For ourselves we prefer honest worldliness to rose-water religion.—ED. S. R.]

#### FAITH HEALING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 June 1913.

SIR—In your note to the letter of Mr. Jennings criticising your remarks with regard to faith healers you state "that there is a subjective element in healing—the patient's own will, but that does not amount to faith healing".

One of the most valuable books written on mental healing is "Life Understood" by Mr. F. L. Rawson, a well-known consulting engineer, who was retained by one of the leading papers to make a professional examination for them into mental healing.

Mr. Rawson claims to have cleared up the scientific reason for all forms of occult phenomena, and certainly the theories put forward by him seem to account for them in a scientific way. He points out clearly the different methods of healing. He states that there are fifty or sixty sects of mental healers at the present time, who are divided into two classes. A few work in the way that Jesus did by turning in thought to God, the others use the human mind, the result being purely hypnotic. He says there are five different forms of hypnotism.

For centuries faith healing of all kinds has been known, and yet scientific men have always sooner or later given up not only obtaining results in this way, but even experimenting with the human mind. The reason for this is that when working with the human mind only apparent healing takes place. It is not true healing, however, and about three weeks afterwards trouble arises, sometimes the same disease comes back, sometimes another disease, and sometimes a form of sin.

He divides true healing, by the power of God, into two main heads. He says that when a person is sinning or sick or in trouble, if that person or someone else will turn in thought to God and heaven and deny clearly enough the existence of the evil in heaven instantly the sin or trouble disappears. He says, however, that this is not permanent healing, only temporary healing, namely, destruction by the power of God of the evil thoughts that are attacking the man. Permanent healing is only done by means of the "affirmation"—that is to say, after denying the existence of the evil in heaven the worker must realise clearly enough the existence of the opposite, namely, the good in heaven, then the healing is instantaneous and permanent. The reason for this is, he says, that the realisation of God by means of the affirmation is the permanent purification of the person's mind, so that the same class of evil thought can have no effect in the future.

From the above it will be seen that the question of healing is far more than merely the subjective action of the patient's own will, and it is this knowledge of true prayer that is growing rapidly now all over the world, and in time must eliminate all sin, sickness, worries and troubles and limitations.

Yours faithfully

A. B. C.



## REVIEWS.

## FRENCH CRITICS AND MODERN THOUGHT.

"The Masters of Modern French Criticism." By Irving Babbitt. London: Constable. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS survey of the French critical spirit, as manifested by its principal modern exponents from Madame de Staël to Brunetière, is excellent reading for the very good reason that Professor Babbitt is a writer with a philosophic basis. Consequently he looks for this basis in others, and the first question he asks about a critic is the right one—namely "What is the relation of this critic to the general intellectual movement?" Art and life, in a word, are co-extensive. Purely "literary" criticism is therefore either a misnomer, or else a name for that very worthless kind of writing—the delivery of isolated verdicts on literature which have no root in the critic's own mental principle. Often the "critic" has no mental principle at all, and the qualities which for a time have earned him his title are merely the imitative cleverness or the verbal felicity with which he clothes ideas not his own, or prejudices which really indicate his lack of single standpoint. Professor Babbitt, who is obviously an acute and thorough student of the French mind, has made it his aim to find the standpoint which each of his subjects represents. Naturally he has dealt only with those writers who possess this kind of symbolic value. The others do not matter.

The avowed aim of the author is to let the French critics "speak for themselves" so far as possible, and his gift of quotation is so judicious that his book would be worth having if for this feature alone. Moreover, he possesses, in his own writing, something of the French knack of happy summary. Of Joubert for example, it is observed that "he was placed between an age that had been rational in a way to discredit the reason and an age that was going to be imaginative in a way to discredit the imagination". The quotations from Joubert himself are admirably chosen, the more strikingly because they avoid the sayings which Matthew Arnold has already made familiar. The "Platonism" of Joubert, his extraordinary gift of stimulus, is brought home to the reader with unusual clearness. We realise particularly how "modern" a mind Joubert's was, and how salutary too as a corrective of that dissipation of the spirit which we regard as a peculiarly modern vice. The aestheticism of Chateaubriand; the balance and genuine scepticism—rarest of qualities—which mark Sainte-Beuve; the passion for "documents", as we call them, which is the outstanding trait of Taine's "scientific" method, as well as the moral stoicism which informs his view of life; Renan the artist-critic, contemptuous of literary fashions and keenly aware of the human necessity of a faith which he cannot hold; Brunetière, apostle of the inevitable reaction against mere naturalism, embodying in short that return to Catholic modes of thinking which is still everywhere in process among the best minds; all these are set out in a very engaging fashion, and with entirely sensible commentary, in Professor Babbitt's chapters.

It is rather significant that nineteenth-century romanticism, which played so large a part in French creative literature of the period, has no great exponent in French criticism. There is nothing French, in other words, to correspond with Wordsworth's prefaces. In their relation to poetry, especially, it is noticeable how small a part is played by mysticism in the outlook or in the estimates of the great French critical writers. There is something dry in their light, even from the warmest of them. On the other hand, their sanity and sobriety as a race are what we should expect from the writers of a language so pre-eminently concrete, so impatient of vagueness. In creative art we cannot conceive a French parallel to Blake or Christopher Smart; and the French "decadent"

writers, Baudelaire and Gautier and Verlaine and the rest, are obviously more physical, more animal, in their expression of emotion than their English counterparts.

The higher regions of French criticism have small sympathy with such foreign tendencies. Renan remarked of the "symbolist" French poets: "Ce sont des enfants qui se sucent le pouce"; and we are told in this book that the same critic, "in his anxiety to avoid these errors of æstheticism, was ready to prescribe all systematic teaching of rhetoric and composition as tending to instil into the young the dangerous heresy that expression has a value independent of what is expressed". Professor Babbitt contrasts the restraint of Renan, who denounced "that undefined liberty which is fatal to languages", with the attitude of Victor Hugo, whom he calls "a literary sansculotte". At least there can be no doubt here that the critic, rather than the creative writer, is the truly French type, and follows the main stream of really French tradition. An Englishman might contend very forcibly that the formative current of our own art and literature is the romantic current. Such an issue could hardly be debated with respect to France. Her temperament and tongue are inherently so classical that all romanticism, in French, is felt as a form of violence.

In spite of this temperamental distinction, however, it is abundantly clear that French and English thought, in their wider aspects, have followed a parallel course during the modern epoch. Apart from all strictly "literary" questions a volume like the present is very instructive because it shows us our own intellectual tendencies clarified, so to put it, by the more rigid logic of the French mind. Philosophic positivism and scientific naturalism have revealed their sterility all the more plainly since French writers have the un-English art of pushing a point of view quite ruthlessly to its outcome. What is more, they make no bones about confessing, as clearly as they see, the position they have reached. "We are living on the shadow of a shadow", declares Renan. "What are people going to live on after us?" For French and English thought alike "the search for standards", as Professor Babbitt calls it, has become the enthralling problem. His pre-occupation with this fundamental aim of all criticism has given a touch of austerity to his judgments. "Pater", from this standpoint, seems to have "been a doubtful influence in England". We are reminded, not unjustly, of "the dangers of a humanism that has deserted the character and will and taken refuge in the sensibility". We may suspect a certain crudeness in such severity of analysis applied to writers so composite and subtle as Pater and Anatole France.

But on the whole Professor Babbitt's attitude is what we now need. It is only too true that the most stimulating critical minds of our own age have been solvent, not consolidating, in their influence. Our silent cry is for synthesis, and we welcome cordially the work of students who, like Professor Babbitt, show both independence and high seriousness in their scrutiny of destructive intellectual tendencies, however disguised, or indeed however necessary in their place and way. It is suggestive and almost pathetic that a book like this should refer us to a critic no less distant in time than Goethe, as an index at least of the solid path in thought. He escaped, we are to understand, both the "morbidity" of romanticism and the "morbidity" of Christian discipline; yet he was "too great to deny entirely the truths of grace or to lack the sense of man's helplessness in the hands of a higher power". In other words, he would embrace the pagan philosophy without its materialism, and the Christian philosophy without its call for renunciation. A fine balance to preserve, but very typical of the precarious point on which so many stand in this age!

## A GREAT ANGLO-INDIAN.

"Life of Sir A. C. Lyall." By Sir M. Durand. London: Blackwood. 1913. 16s. net.

SIR ALFRED LYALL'S career illustrates how intellectual power can assert itself and find its proper material in almost any environment. His natural qualities and temperament were those of a philosopher and a man of letters. His tastes as well as his qualifications found a congenial atmosphere in cultured and literary surroundings. Yet he attained very high distinction in the active administrative work into which he drifted rather by the force of circumstances than by deliberate selection. It speaks for his versatility that with such tastes and aptitudes, yet at the very beginning of his Indian service, when called on to bear arms on the outbreak of the Mutiny, he proved himself a bold and resourceful fighter, and even thoroughly enjoyed the dangers and excitements of those stirring times. It was not his true *métier* any more than the field sports which for a period engrossed his leisure. When the occasion and the novelty had passed away he relinquished both and turned to the sphere of administrative action with all its vast opportunities. This sudden transfer of interest is typical of his restless character, ever seeking relaxation not in repose but in the application of his energy to some new form of activity. Here again his intellectual adaptability asserted itself. He discovered in the indigenous communities among whom he lived and worked a rich and rather neglected field of research. His acute observation among the primitive castes and classes of Central India found material, overlooked by others, on which he based those studies of comparative religion and sociology and their relations with Western ideas and methods, both of thought and of practical administration, which brought him at once into prominence. It would indeed be correct to say that it was to his philosophical and historical essays he owed his early start, if not his rapid advancement in the higher branches of the administration. Even his verses helped. The insight and power of "The Old Pindaree" was one of the earliest revelations of his qualities. Though described by his biographer as "a man of action with literary tastes", it was not in the ordinary executive work of an Indian district that his rare powers found their best opportunity. He would be more accurately described as a man of affairs. In administrative office his way was to lay down general lines of policy and principle and leave them to be applied by the responsible staff with as little interference as might be consistent with efficiency. Such a method involved a certain aloofness from details of the work and a strict treatment of those who failed. Combined with a reserved character and some coldness of manner, it was not calculated to excite official enthusiasm or even popularity. Those however who were privileged to know him intimately and unofficially bear testimony to the true kindness which underlay his outward reserve and the practical ways in which it was manifested. After his retirement, when free from official restraint and happy in his congenial surroundings, this side of his character developed more and more and brought the coveted accompaniments of old age with its troop of friends. This serves to explain why the biography dwells so little on the details of his executive work and is so curiously meagre in the few pages given to his highest administrative charge—the Lieutenant-Governorship of the present United Provinces. Lyall's own letters, from which the narrative is chiefly drawn, dealt with other matters. Yet the period was one of effective control and material advancement. The development of a system of light railways, which is still adding to the prosperity of the provinces, owes much to his initiative. The fuller narrative which describes his political service in Rajputana and as Foreign Secretary will be read and discussed with greater interest. It was the class of work for which he was peculiarly fitted. Here Sir M. Durand's own experience enabled him to supply any deficiency in

the records. This section indeed is a valuable contribution to the history of the period.

Apart from his association with the foreign politics of India, Lyall's most lasting claim to distinction rests on his literary work, and not least on his verses, if only because they secure a larger audience than the historical and philosophical treatises in which lay his real strength. His lines may not take rank with the work of the immortals. But, leaving out Kipling, whose inspiration is imperial and only incidentally Indian, they are the best that Anglo-India has produced. The verses that live are those suggested by a purely Indian subject. The rest are rather in the class of literary exercises. Sir M. Durand scarcely does justice to the technique and finish of Lyall's prose. He was fastidious almost to excess, and chose his words and framed his sentences with great deftness, even in the routine of official documents. Lord G. Hamilton has noticed his power of transforming the commonplace by a few masterly touches or the insertion of a purple patch.

Lyall's life was fulfilled by the years which followed his retirement. His statesmanship would have been invaluable to India in the critical conditions which have since prevailed, but to the man himself the exile would have been an irreparable loss. Still there was something perverse in the judgment which offered him two Colonial Governorships that he did not want and for which neither his training nor temperament fitted him, and yet denied him the Viceroyalty of India for which he was peculiarly fitted and which was the one post he really coveted. Nevertheless he continued to the last to render most useful help in a less obtrusive capacity. His was always a cautious and restraining influence. It appears in such measures as the Anglo-Russian Convention, and even in the Morley-Minto "reforms". His wise counsels are still on record. Scattered through this book are many pregnant passages concerning the future of British rule, which the advanced party among English politicians would do well to lay to heart. Not without reason did the most sagacious and best informed Anglo-Indian of his time, himself a Liberal in politics, look with profound mistrust on the vision of a democratic India. The perils which he foresaw in the transfer of power to the wrong classes of the Indian communities are being realised before our eyes even more rapidly than Lyall predicted and in a more dangerous form. The members of the Public Services Commission should carefully study this book.

Sir A. Lyall has been happy in his chosen biographer, who writes with a balanced judgment as well as with insight and knowledge that perhaps no one else could command. He has presented not a mere diary but a character study of truth and distinction.

## THE REVOLUTION IN SHENSI.

"The Passing of the Dragon." By J. C. Keyte. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1913. 6s.

MRS. BECKMAN (of Sian-fu) and five children murdered: their house burnt. Probably postmaster, wife and children and young Philip Manners done to death. Nearly every Manchu (seven thousand) killed. . . . Robbers abound on the road, and the missionaries cannot get silver . . . try to get some one to go to Sian-fu. . . . That is the burden of a telegram which first brought to Peking coherent news of what had happened in the North-West while Manchu rule was being overthrown in other parts of China; and this book is an elaboration of the text. Much has been written of the course of events elsewhere, but very little of what took place in Shensi. Mr. Kent outlined the story in his "Passing of the Manchus": Mr. Keyte tells it in detail, and tells it sanely—depicting vividly, without heightening, the horrors, explaining the agencies by which the insurrection was accomplished, and describing with sympathy and humour the plucky ride of the men who responded



to the appeal which the telegram contains. We have been asked, often, to admire the bloodlessness of the present revolution; and, if comparison is made with the Taiping rebellion which is supposed to have cost a minimum of 20,000,000 lives, the request is just. But the conditions are different. The Taiping rebellion lasted more years than the present revolution lasted weeks—if we take the fall of Nanking in the one case and the edict of abdication in the other, as terminal incidents; and there were opposing armies, such as they were, and constant fighting, such as it was—in the last century; whereas the troops “went over” so readily, in many instances, in the present, that there was very little serious fighting except at Hankow and Nanking. But there has been a good deal of bloodshed, notwithstanding.

There seems to have been very little serious fighting at Si-an—as the Chinese troops promptly revolted, and the Manchus were taken by surprise. What the author describes is rather a welter of massacre, arson, and pillage. The capital of Shensi, Si-an (or Singan as it is more often spelt), is one of the great cities in which the Tartar Dynasty maintained large garrisons of Manchu soldiers long after a wiser policy would have dictated the effacement of such distinctions. The men lived, with their wives and families, in a separate quarter; and might—at Si-ngan at any rate—have put up a serious defence and exacted terms. But their General was, at the time of the outbreak, in another portion of the city; and none of his subordinates seems to have been capable of organising concerted resistance, or of parleying for concerted surrender. The result was that desultory fighting soon degenerated into wholesale slaughter of man, woman and child. “When they found that further resistance was useless they (the Manchus) in many cases knelt on the ground, laying down their weapons, and begged for life. They were shot as they knelt. . . . A girl came down the street, a girl of twenty, with hands bound . . . being taken out a hundred yards or so to be beheaded. . . . And her crime? her birth: a Manchu”. The full story, of which these are comparatively civilised incidents, will be found recorded in Mr. Keyte’s pages. Our readers will trace it for themselves.

The revolutionaries in Si-ngan comprised two parties who called themselves, respectively, Ke-ming-tang and Ko-lao-hui—the former “a society of the educated classes whose propagation was by means of pamphlet and lecture, whose agents sought posts in the Government, the army, the colleges”; while the Ko-lao-hui “drew its strength from, and made its appeal to, the peasant, the artisan and the common soldier”, its members mostly illiterate, and even its leaders having little education. The common bond between the two was hatred of the Manchus; and at the massacre of the Manchus Mr. Keyte holds that the Ke-ming-tang connived, though they did not intend it. They could, at any rate, not have prevented it; for the control passed quickly, as might have been expected, from the more educated element into the hands of the mob; and a reign of terror was inaugurated. The Parliamentary “Group” may be shocked that members of a society comprising “the peasant, the artisan and the soldier” should so far forget themselves. But foreigners who know something of China know that the soldiers are mostly enlisted from ne’er-do-weels; and the Ko-lao-hui in Shensi seem to have comprised, besides, members of the turbulent classes for whose instincts such an opportunity would seem specially provided. So debased indeed was the membership that the terms Ko-lao-hui and tu-fei (local villains) seem to have been regarded as interchangeable. There are abundance of tu-fei in China; in times of riot they get loose, and what happens then may be gathered from Mr. Keyte’s pages. In the tenets of the Ko-lao-hui hatred of the foreigner is associated with hatred of the Manchu; and the murder of the foreigners who were killed at Si-ngan, as well as the atrocities to which others

were subjected, may be credited to the Ko-lao-hui. The rescue of the survivors is another and more cheerful story. For, as the telegram indicated, not all were killed; and Mr. Keyte tells us how nine foreigners, of whom he was one and Mr. Sowerby the leader—taking their lives in their hands—set out to reach and bring away—and did reach and bring away those—the larger number, fortunately—who had escaped.

A Bomb Corps was enrolled during the excitement that followed the outbreak—for Shensi had rebelled somewhat irrespectively of its neighbours, and anticipated hostilities from Peking. And that Bomb Corps was, as Mr. Keyte happily says, “at once fact and illustration, history and parable”. The soldiers of the Bomb Corps were provided with belts containing several pockets, and in each pocket a bomb. Then these walking danger-zones were let loose in the ranks, with no safeguards and a minimum of training. If a bomb-thrower was shot “there was devastation all around”. Three men sit talking, and one lets a bomb fall; all three are killed, two others fatally injured, and a sixth wounded. Truly it is an illustration—“an embodiment of the irresponsibility of the young revolutionaries. Nothing could better illustrate the light-hearted way in which they handled dangerous forces”. They undertook the pulling down of the old Government with a light-heartedness which only one who knows Young China can appreciate. “They were without experience, heady with text-book knowledge, inflamed by the partisan pamphlet. . . . They had a vague idea that when the ground was cleared they could apply a Western civilisation and a Western form of Government to their own country; but whether the country was able or willing to accept and digest them was a question few had ever faced.” Enthusiasts who allowed themselves to be carried away by sympathy with some ideal Republic may correct their impression by these remarks. Foreigners who know China are suspected, by such, of lack of sympathy when they view askance the excursions and alarms of the noisy agitators and callow youths who have thrown the traditional forms and machinery of Government into the melting-pot. They picture to themselves a national upheaval; but Major Pereira, who has just returned to England from two years’ travel in Western China, discovered no such enthusiasm. He found the vast majority perfectly indifferent to the form of Government. All that the farmer and labourer, the honest merchant and banker ask from a Government is that it shall maintain decent order to enable them to pursue their avocations in peace. With that China—the real China—foreigners have infinite sympathy. We catch glimpses in these pages of the natural kindness of the peasant, of the courtesy and efficiency—with all his faults—of the old-fashioned Mandarin. The Revolution upset all this, and produced widespread disorder. Things are mending somewhat; though whether the toiling masses are likely to benefit eventually from the change seems uncertain. The benefit is, at any rate, not yet apparent to the naked eye.

#### A TEXT-BOOK OF FEDERALISM.

“The Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire.” By A. P. POLEY. London: Pitman. 1913. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. POLEY has struck a most interesting subject and has not exhausted it. He has appreciated the point that in the modern world Federalism has become a political principle of the first rank, and he has brought within a small volume an account of four of the five great federal systems of our time. The omission of any reference to Germany, which is a true Federation though it deliberately presents an appearance of unity to the outside world, is to be regretted. But what is more regrettable is the absence of any discussion of the facts so compendiously set out. This volume demands an essay on Federalism, the circumstances which give it birth, the difficulties

it has to overcome, and above all its prospects of permanence as an example of political synthesis. There are one or two references to these points in the book, but they only suffice to show that Mr. Poley appreciates their importance. What we really want is a second volume, and Mr. Poley ought to write it himself. Why should he let somebody else get the credit for interpreting the facts which he has taken so much trouble to compile? Even as it is Mr. Poley has given us plenty to think about. There is for example the question of defining a Federation. With the example of Germany prominently before them most Englishmen would say that a Federation was formed when a number of sovereign States created a joint authority over all of them and endowed it with certain powers. Mr. Poley makes hay of this definition. Taking a very pretty legal point, he shows it to be inapplicable to the United States—the first Federation of modern times. Mr. Poley's point is this—that the States of the American Union are not and never have been sovereign States. Before 1776 they were obviously not sovereign, but their independence was achieved by a joint act. The Declaration was a collective document and the Constitution was built upon it. It is really a pity that some casuistically minded mediæval authority on international law cannot be brought back to earth to discuss the precise status of a State of the American Union.

If the first Federation is puzzling, so is the last. The component States of the South African Union were, of course, not sovereign bodies. But they were autonomous, and the purposes for which they federated were clearly within the limits of this autonomy. To the man in the street the South African Union is a fine example of Federation, but Mr. Poley raises doubt whether it is really a Federation at all. The South African Constitution possesses only one true federal characteristic—its component States are all equally represented in the Second Chamber. But it is specifically stated that the Union has power to alter this arrangement after ten years, so that in South Africa Federalism appears to be no more than a phase in the process of organic union. He would be a bold man who would say the same of Federalism in the United States.

The crucial difficulty of all Federal systems is the question of the residue of sovereignty. Whether you assign limited powers to the central authority or limited powers to the component parts, sooner or later it is bound to be claimed that one authority is trenching on the sphere of the other. The claim puts the Federation in jeopardy. If the parts gain the day, it disintegrates into a loose alliance; if the central authority prevails, it becomes tightened into an organic Union. Mr. Poley has been at pains to indicate the different ways in which the four Federations have provided against this difficulty. The United States felt the need of some impartial authority, and met it by the creation of the Supreme Court. The Court has generally risen to the level of its opportunities, and when it fails to adjust the law to popular sentiment there is nothing for it but to amend the Constitution, if possible by pacific means, if not by civil war. Canada, in dealing with the like problem, has taken the paradoxical course of exaggerating the difficulties. By providing that the spheres of the provinces and of the Dominion shall overlap she appears to have made conflict certain. But she has created two solutions of the deadlock. The first is the power of the Dominion to override provincial legislation, the second the power of the Imperial Parliament to override Dominion legislation. On paper no scheme could be more futile. It would be easy to argue that neither the provinces nor the Dominion had any real powers at all. Yet the arrangement works very well because of the good sense of the men who work it.

Both the Australian and the South African Constitutions have taken power for the settlement of difficulties without reference to the Imperial authorities. In both countries the main provisions of the Constitution are only effective until Parliament shall otherwise determine. But whereas in South Africa the discretion of

Parliament is unfettered, in Australia it requires the sanction of a referendum. Mr. Poley is clear that to the constitutional lawyer anxious to find out how far Federalism suits the needs of modern democracy South Africa has little to teach. But then South Africa is not a democratic country. The patriarchal conceptions of the Dutch have found expression in the Constitution. On the other hand, Mr. Poley regards the Australian Constitution as a model instrument. The politician may object that the results of Australian referenda are negative. Still, that only means that the time is not yet come for the Federation to enter on its next stage of development. It may be from an appreciation of this that Mr. Poley has not offered comment on his facts.

#### DIVORCE AND THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

"English Church Law and Divorce." Part I. by Sir Lewis Dibdin. Part II. by Sir Charles E. H. Chadwyck-Healey. London: Murray. 1912. 5s. net.

**D**IVORCE in the modern sense (that is to say the dissolution of the marriage bond by the decree of a Court) was never legalised in England until the Divorce Bill passed into law in 1856-7. Prior to that date divorce in the old canonical sense of a "judicial separation" was granted by the Ecclesiastical Courts; but permission for either of the parties so separated to re-marry in the lifetime of the other could only be granted by a special Act of Parliament. In other words, the English law knew nothing of divorce in the modern sense; but Parliament once in the reign of Edward VI. and regularly from the time of Charles II. passed private Bills enabling certain persons to contract marriages which the ordinary law of the land condemned as bigamous unions. It has however been frequently stated that divorces in the modern sense were in fact granted by the Ecclesiastical Courts for adultery during the middle of the sixteenth century, and that the practice was only dropped at the beginning of the seventeenth. This statement was set down as sober history in the Report of the Divorce Commission of 1853, and no doubt had considerable influence in reconciling Churchpeople to the toleration of the Divorce Act. It was natural that it should be repeated before the recent Divorce Commission. On this occasion however its accuracy was challenged, and the first part of this book, which is written by Sir Lewis Dibdin, is based on a Memorandum submitted to the Commission on the true facts of the case.

The idea that the English Ecclesiastical Courts either in the reign of Edward VI. or of Elizabeth treated a valid marriage as dissoluble on the ground of adultery of one of the parties or for any other cause is shown to be a pure myth. We are reminded that the direct contrary is stated by Lord Coke, and it is inconceivable that he, the greatest lawyer of the period, should have so laid down the law, if during the greater part of his life the Courts had in fact been dissolving marriages. Still the attitude of the age to divorce needs explanation. It has been said that although this Edwardine ecclesiastical code, the *Reformatio Legum*, never obtained the force of law, the Ecclesiastical Courts in early Reformation days gave effect to its provisions in the matter of divorce. The fact is, as our author shows, that the importance of the code has been greatly exaggerated. Its chief authors were Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and in a minor degree Haddon. Its treatment of the divorce question represents the ideas of the foreign reformers—especially of Martin Bucer. Allowing divorce to the innocent party in case of adultery or desertion, it provides for the guilty spouse the punishment of lifelong imprisonment or banishment. Other moral offences are likewise punished as crimes. Such a code, as Sir Lewis Dibdin says, was an impracticable proposal for the England of the sixteenth century, or indeed of any other time. In the reign of Edward VI.



neither Parliament nor Convocation approved, and Northumberland is said to have told Cranmer that nothing should be done to give effect to it. It was never treated seriously in Elizabeth's reign, and by 1571 it was clear that any further modification of ecclesiastical law would be effected by Canon. In fact the Church of England received its new code of ecclesiastical laws in the Canons of 1603. These Canons, as is well known, prohibit either of the separated parties from re-marrying in the lifetime of the other, and require a bond to give security that the prohibition will not be infringed. The Report of the Divorce Commission of 1853 however urged that the fact that security was required proved that the marriage if solemnised would be valid. Sir Lewis Dibdin pulverises the argument. As the law stood, the most lawless and incestuous connexion formed under the guise of a ceremony of marriage could not be effectively annulled except by a sentence pronounced in a suit brought in the lifetimes of both the parties to the so-called marriage. It was therefore natural that the Court should take every precaution possible to prevent the performance of such marriage ceremonies.

While, however, the Ecclesiastical Courts retained the old Catholic tradition on the indissolubility of marriage, the opinions of Anglican theologians varied. Sir Lewis sits on the views of many of our leading divines during the period that divides Henry VIII.'s days from the Restoration, and it is clear that while men like Andrewes, Goodman, and apparently Hooker supported the Catholic doctrine, the supporters of the view that adultery dissolved marriage could claim not merely Tyndale and Hooper, but Cosin and Jeremy Taylor. Such a divergence in theological opinion must have shaken the moral sanction of the law in a licentious and unsettled age; but perhaps even more important was the effect of the abolition of the old canon law rules as to consanguinity and affinity in relation to marriage. These rules enabled many marriages to be declared null and void. Their abolition removed the old machinery for getting rid of marriages which one or other party desired to terminate. There was therefore a tendency in the upper classes to marry in defiance of the law or to seek the aid of private Acts of Parliament. The interesting Stawell case, for the true explanation of which we are indebted to Sir C. E. H. Chadwyck-Healey, is an instance of the one, the Parr case an example of the other. A careful study of both cases leaves no doubt that if the national conscience had fallen away from the Catholic ideal of marriage, the law alike of Church and State still stood for the higher morality.

#### NOVELS.

**"The Dominant Race."** By W. H. Adams. London: Smith, Elder. 1913. 6s.

A story of the Gold Coast, obviously written by one familiar with the country (even if his title-page did not say so), and equally obviously by a gentleman and a Civil Servant of the Empire to indicate the distance of its relationship to life, we may say that the hero, engaged to a girl at home who suddenly develops a mania for Christian Science, undertakes at her request before he leaves for the Gold Coast that he will never allow drug or medicine to pass his lips; further, that in the backwoods of the Gold Coast he discovers a maiden of vague parentage, a forest virgin, who is yet so possessed of propriety that she only meets him under the supervision of a chaperon. Of course the young man gets a fever, and in his delirium is suitably filled with quinine by his senior, who, subsequently ranging round his room, finds the girl's photograph, becomes enamoured, goes home on leave, discovers the original of the photograph, and takes an opportunity of calumniating the unwilling and unconscious consumer of quinine. The latter meanwhile has an exciting time fighting natives and half-breed traitors; and of course all ends conventionally. The yarn is not

badly spun, and with its total disregard of probabilities may prove adequate entertainment for the majority of our dominant race.

**"The Destroying Angel."** By Louis Joseph Vance. London: Grant Richards. 1913. 6s.

This is of America, American. A critic has recently pointed out that modern Englishmen approach melodrama with a half-smile, but that Americans welcome it whole-heartedly and quite seriously; with the result that they usually achieve better results. This is full-blooded high-class five-act melodrama, with brass orchestra and cinematograph complete. Withal, a ripping good entertainment. It does not make you think; it does not ask you to feel any but the crudest and most primitive emotions. The Destroying Angel is an actress, a favourite of the people, who continually makes her farewell bow to them on her approaching marriage, which is continually postponed by some tragedy befalling the men to whom she is continually engaged. One of them, the hero of the book, happens to—but no; we cannot begin to attempt to compress the myriad incidents of this story. We select for particular approval the midnight chase in a motor-boat which ends in an almighty smash on the rocks of an island containing a deserted farm-house in which the hero encourages the lady who—once more, we are unequal to it. There is a midnight wedding, a midnight prowler, a midnight suicide; a new detective, a mysterious man among the sandhills, and a capital Chinese cook. It is all appallingly up to date, and the writing coruscates with crisp sparkles of contemporary American epigram. It is not a book which a weary man should take up at the end of a day's work, for it will thoroughly exhaust him; but after a week's careful dieting and a run before breakfast, a fairly strong mind may grapple with it.

**"Patchwork Comedy."** By Humfrey Jordan. London: Putnam. 1913. 6s.

A grateful reader, closing Mr. Jordan's new book with a sigh of sated pleasure, exclaims against the inadequacy of the title; but when the sense of excitement has been allowed to diffuse, the critical faculty must admit a certain justification for the author's modest label of his work. But it would have been equally justifiable, and much better business, in our opinion, to have claimed more; for this story of modern life has many remarkable merits. The fable is nothing out of the common; an ancient English house of decent ancestry stand in danger of a black-mailer, who has got wind of a tragic episode that stains their honour, and knows that they are proud enough and rich enough to be worth bleeding. The character-drawing is very able, though few of the types presented are original; and the neat arrangement of the episodes, disposed so as to bring out their effects upon the development of the dramatic personæ, does no violence to their probability or probable sequence. Lastly, the writing itself is notably good; we have no previous acquaintance with Mr. Jordan's work, but we congratulate him and ourselves, for in future we shall be able to settle down to a book bearing his name in full confidence that our pleasure in the story will not be constantly marred by weak thought, redundant verbiage, or poor phraseology. Despite such technical merits, the book fails as literature simply because it is only a good story and has no central idea; it paints people and things admirably, but it has no unity of purpose. Therefore, while it is a book which provides good pastime, it is not good company for longer than the first reading. If Mr. Jordan will aim higher, his obvious powers should bring him real achievement.

**"The Gay Rebellion."** By Robert W. Chambers. London: Appleton. 1913. 6s.

This is a fantasia by an eminent American novelist, describing an imaginary campaign on the part of American womanhood to revolt against masculine

domination, and to institute a process of forcible breeding, on an eugenic principle. Beautiful and unblemished young women of the best Gibson type form themselves into ring-fenced communities, and hunt strapping young men with nets, until about half-way through the book; at which point the author, apparently shirking the issue, switches off and narrates collateral incidents. These are quite well told, especially the one about the lame telegraph-girl; the setting of this story may be succinctly stated by saying that hard by the rose-breasted grosbeak sings in the balsam tree. The whole book is of course silly and conventional; but it is written with such ease and humour that it is very difficult to feel as angry as one should. The first part of the story, which narrates how a newspaper-proprietor sent his subordinates out to "cover" the "story" of four young handsome lost men, is a treasure-house of American journalistic terminology. But it doesn't make a book.

**"In the Grip of Destiny."** By Charles E. Sterrey. London: Allen. 1913. 6s.

This is a romance which will carry the reader to the end only if, in the first place, he manages to surmount the alarming fence erected by the first chapter, which seems to have no connexion with the plot, and if, in the second place, he can plough through the melodramatic inanities of the earlier chapters, up to the point at which the purport of the first chapter begins to glimmer through the haze. After that, the rapid sequence of quite unlikely but undeniably thrilling episodes will induce him to turn the pages rapidly. The story is chiefly concerned with a mysterious secret society of avengers, who seem to have their source in Russia. There is at least one robbery and a couple of murders.

**"Detained by the King."** By Arthur Maltby. London: Ham-Smith. 1913. 6s.

A triumphantly unreal romance, founded on the history of Monmouth's rebellion and the famous "holding-up" of the mail by Lady Grizel Cochrane. The verisimilitude of the style may be judged from the following speech by an old Scottish wise-woman: "Vampires are the spirits of men, or, maybe, women, whose lives on earth were of such appalling wickedness that even the gates of hell are closed against them. The God-like spark, born of the Infinite, becomes quiescent; the animal instinct becomes a restless spirit haunting this earth and hovering around its mortal body". The tale has not enlightened or entertained us, nor thrown fresh light upon a period of history.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"India and the Indians."** By the Rev. E. F. Elwin. London: Murray. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Elwin's "India and the Indians" is written, of course, from the missionary point of view, Mr. Elwin being a Church of England missionary. He is often not quite fair to those who in doctrine do not entirely agree with him, and accuses them of poaching on his preserves; but these are discursions into white man's land, and when he is writing of the Indians themselves he is less pugnacious. Though in many cases he seems rather ingenuously to swallow whole the tales of the native convert, he also on occasions observes shrewdly native customs and tells what he thinks of them. He, together with most other modern writers, has pretty strong views as to the bribe-taking capacities of the average native official! His account of cricket "as she is played" by the Indian boy is diverting; so is his comment (vide page 139) on the similarity between Indian festal enjoyments and those of the fashionable world in England—both begin in the evening and last all night, and both require bands! His statement that the catholicity of the "Book of Common Prayer" enables it to supply "the needs of all nations" is an eloquent testimony of the wholehearted loyalty of Mr. Elwin's own belief in his own faith, for the propagation of which he is spending his life in Poona and the neighbourhood. There are some illustrations, mostly of "native Christians", in

the book, and there are some practical hints to missionaries which Englishmen not missionaries might also profit by. Altogether "India and the Indians" is quite a book to read.

**"Twelve Scots Trials."** By William Roughead. Edinburgh: Green. 1913. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Roughead, an able Scottish lawyer, has won a reputation for his talent in the kind of work of which these trials are so excellent an example. Mr. Andrew Lang claimed him as a fellow-student of legal and historical mysteries, and these "criminal biographies" were suggested by Mr. Lang; they were read by him in manuscript, and he had intended to write an Introduction. They are not edited reports, but studies by Mr. Roughead based upon the facts, the personages, and the times of the particular trials. Most of them owe very much of their interest to Scottish historical, legendary, and traditional events, and to public and family episodes and personages which give a picturesque and more than a forensic environment to the actual trial. Mr. Roughead is, in short, as much antiquary as student of criminology, and he has a literary taste which avoids the unnecessarily sordid and brutal. None of these trials is hackneyed; they are all unfamiliar and of first impression.

**"A British Borderland."** By Captain H. A. Wilson. London: Murray. 1913. 12s. net.

In writing this book on Equatorial Africa, Captain Wilson frankly admits that he is "badly bitten with the prevalent malady—the ink-erupting epidemic of the twentieth century", and is merely adding one more to the numberless books which tell us all about the East African Protectorate, its big-game shooting, its natives, and its opportunities for settlement by the white man. Captain Wilson has, however, an excuse which cannot be claimed by the majority of the authors of books on East Africa. He spent five years in the country with the King's African Rifles, and that at a time when the country along the line of the Uganda railway was only beginning to be overrun by the tourist. The book, therefore, has a certain historical value: it serves to mark the progress East Africa is making. Not even Nairobi is the primitive place it was when Captain Wilson arrived there in 1902, and much of the country which he assisted to bring under British control is, if not quite as well known as some places in England, as he suggests, at least not wholly unfamiliar by name. Captain Wilson's pages may be read with profit for the account they give of pioneering work in this British borderland; his reflexions on the chances of successful settlement are sane; and his ethics of shikari may usefully be studied by ex-Presidents and lesser folk who may be thinking of undertaking so-called sporting expeditions to East Africa.

**"Confessions of a Tenderfoot."** By Ralph Stock. London: Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net. 1913.

This "true and unvarnished account of his world wanderings" by a tenderfoot is full of good stuff gathered from experience in many lands. It is enlivened by a goodly number of anecdotes, and some of the adventures are quite thrilling. Whether the account is embellished or a faithful record of actual happenings does not particularly matter. The impression it affords of life in wild lands is unchallengeable, and those who regard new countries as superior to old will find scattered through these pages some evidence to the contrary. In more than one place Mr. Stock refers to the slums of Colonial cities, and compares them with the slums of London—to the advantage of London. The photographs with which the book is illustrated are many and excellent.

**"The Psychology of Revolution."** By Gustave Le Bon. London: Fisher Unwin. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

This is a translation by Mr. Bernard Miall of a new work by M. Le Bon which applies the well-known theories which he has expounded in several books, notably "The Crowd: a Study of the Popular Mind". He finds in the French Revolution and the Reformation abundant illustrations of his principle that revolutions are the reverse of rational movements, and their chief feature a letting loose of primitive savagery unrestrained by custom and religion which alone have any restraint over the mind of the masses. The book is principally a contemptuous criticism on the "Crowd" theory of the great Assemblies, Convention and Directory, and the personages who have been glorified by Republican Frenchmen. They ruined France, which was only saved by Napoleon putting an end to their speechifying about the liberty, equality, and fraternity they had outraged in all their actions. M. Le Bon is not a partisan, however, and he admits certain



benefits from the Revolution which Napoleon made permanent. He has no qualities of style; he exploits his psychology too laboriously; and he is too assertive about his supposed originality of view; but his material is interesting though rather amorphous.

"Verdi." By Sir Alexander Mackenzie. "Meyerbeer." By Arthur Hervey. London: Jack. 1913. 1s. 6d. net each.

These two contributions to Messrs. Jack's "Masterpieces of Music" show a deplorable falling off from the standard set up by the earlier issues. Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Frederic Cowen, and Mr. Clutsam wrote ably and interestingly on their respective subjects, and the musical examples of their chosen composers were worth reprinting. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Verdi" does not contain an illuminating sentence. Sir Alexander does indeed try to be smart at times, and one recognises the voice of the Scot who jokes "wi' deeficulty". Verdi's first opera, he remarks, was produced in 1839, and—"reverse the figures"—the last in 1893. We have tried "reversing" 1839, and the result is 9381. Mr. Hervey is an able critic, but he seems to have accepted the commission to write on Meyerbeer in the spirit of counsel who takes a brief to argue a forlorn case. While conceding that his hero pandered sadly to the vulgar appetite, he endeavours to persuade us that the composer of "The Huguenots" was, all the same, a great and good man, kind-hearted, generous, and so on. The facts are well enough known nowadays, and we need hardly contradict Mr. Hervey; but surely he must realise that he lays himself under suspicion of pulling the public leg. The music pages of both books are not by any means "masterpieces of music", but mainly arrangements of the composers' most paltry and popular pieces. The frontispieces are excellent; but the numerous woodcuts are crude, and scarcely worthy of a penny dreadful. We trust Mr. Hatzfeld, the editor, will look to this, and also secure more inspiring stuff for his letterpress.

"The Death and Resurrection of the Musical Festival." By Rutland Boughton. London: Reeves. 1913. 1s. net.

In this little pamphlet—the price of which is rather high—Mr. Boughton states a fact which every serious critic has perceived for a long time: that the provincial musical festival is a dead and bygone thing, a farcical pretentious remnant of the Dark Ages of music in England. As much, and more, has been said in the SATURDAY REVIEW any time these twenty years. The festivals have not in the last hundred years brought to light a single composition of first-rate importance, unless we allow "Elijah" and "The Spectre's Bride" to pass; for certainly rubbish like "The Redemption" or such industrious, mediocre stuff as "The Rose of Sharon" cannot be placed in that category. The performances themselves never reached a high level, and during later years became deplorable. Mr. Boughton's idea is that these old-fashioned festivals should be superseded by competition festivals. As these affairs are conducted at present, nothing can be said in their favour: without being in the least superior, we do not anticipate anything fine in creative or interpretative art from the raw yokels or mill-hands who provide their friends with an indoor substitute for a football match. The improvements suggested for the future seem a little, or more than a little, impracticable. Still, the booklet is well worth reading and thinking about. It is an honest and enthusiastic endeavour to grapple with a big subject. The old style of festival is dead, and the problem is how to make artistic use of the new style. If by any means these competitions, now threatening to grow into a nuisance, can be changed from their sporting character to a genuinely musical one, so much the better; and we shall be glad if one of the innumerable committees will experiment on Mr. Boughton's lines.

"Master Works of Richard Wagner." By Richard Dunning Gribble. London: Everett. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

This is rather an expensive form of the ordinary analysis of Wagner's operas. What is wanted is a new, or at any rate consistent, view, not the mere hack-work which consists of the old stale truisms and fallacies. Wagner's accomplishment was stupendous, and he has been long enough dead to enable an author to see precisely what that accomplishment was. We have given up talking of Wagner as a teacher of Schopenhauer, and it is time to regard him more seriously as a great artist. That is all he was, and no man could be more.

### THE JULY REVIEWS.

Lord Cromer in the "Nineteenth Century" makes the Adamovitch case an excuse for discussing the Capitulations in Egypt. He breaks through the reticence which he has observed for six years because there appears now to be some

prospect that "the main reform which is required to render the Government and administration of Egypt efficient will be seriously considered". The handing over of Adamovitch to the Russian Consular authorities has, he says, touched one of the most tender points in the English political conscience, and he finds in many instances strong grounds for holding that "the time has come for reforming the system known as that of the Capitulations". His statement of the case, brief though it necessarily is within the limits of an article, seems to show that the obstacles to reform are not insuperable. He thinks a change might be made which would secure the protection of all legitimate European interests and meet the views of the Egyptians themselves at the same time. He proposes that the powers of Europe should vest in the British Government the legislative rights which they now exercise separately, that a European legislative chamber should be created for enacting the laws to which Europeans would be amenable, and that a second chamber of Egyptians should deal with native problems. The objections to two chambers differently composed dealing with separate classes of the community he brushes aside, and he would cheerfully add this new anomaly to "the many strange institutions which exist in the Land of Paradox". Whether this or some other scheme were adopted, his main point is that some plan must be devised which shall take the place of "the present Egyptian system of legislation by diplomacy". Incidentally Lord Cromer gives us a few autobiographical notes.

In an article on Constructive Imperialism, devoted mainly to some interesting reflexions on Lord Milner's book, Mr. Sidney Low in the "Fortnightly" reminds us of the dangers of laissez faire. "Constitutions do not always grow if left to themselves any more than hybrid orchids." He points out that "the reaction from the old Downing Street policy of interference and dictation has gone to such lengths that we hardly now dare talk of consolidating the Empire for fear we might hurt the feelings of some one or other of our 'fierce democracies' beyond the seas". That attitude is, of course, the direct outcome of the separatist ideas which obtained when the Colonies were given self-government. Lord Beaconsfield was the first among public men to recognise the folly of conferring autonomy on the Colonies without making it part of a great scheme of Imperial consolidation. Mr. Archibald Hurd, also in the "Fortnightly", says that to-day the ideas of Lord Beaconsfield are now becoming practical Imperial politics, thanks to the Dominions themselves. "The policy which Lord Beaconsfield regarded as a lost cause forty years ago, owing to the supineness and lack of political wisdom of those who directed the ship of State in the early period of Imperial evolution, has become the policy of the Dominions, but the Mother Country stands aloof." If there is no real partnership in defence the explanation, Mr. Hurd says, is that we have no partnership in trade or in council. Therefore the Dominions "are adopting policies of their own distinctive from ours". The problem threatens to become more complicated with the growing sense of nationhood on the part of the Dominions and the utter lack of initiative on the part of the Mother Country. Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of Toronto, has an article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Canadian Deadlock" which hardly makes pleasant reading, because, whilst its loyalty to the Empire is unchallengeable, it lends support to the idea of the little Canadian navy as opposed to the policy embodied in Mr. Borden's direct contribution to Imperial defence. Mr. Hawkes was apparently a Bordenite when Mr. Borden was in Opposition, but he maintains that the Prime Minister and Mr. Foster have gone back on the attitude they adopted in 1909. He forgets that Mr. Borden adopted the policy embodied in the Bill which the Senate would not pass, only after long and anxious investigation and consultation with the Admiralty. Mr. Borden has taken an Imperial line because he sees that the Canadian line would be mere naval futility, and he has not hesitated to do so though he has to reckon with certain Canadian prejudices, arising out of ignorance of what naval defence really means. Mr. Hawkes seems to think that in the Borden policy there is a tendency to force Canada into accepting a position which she has outgrown. If Canada's idea of nationhood within the Empire is not entirely compatible with Mr. Borden's naval proposals, the sooner she and Mr. Hawkes study the problem from the larger point of view the better. Perhaps, however, Mr. Borden has gauged Canadian opinion more closely than Mr. Hawkes. It is at any rate satisfactory to have Mr. Hawkes' assurance that "whatever the Senate did cannot be of fatal import to the Empire". A very different impression from that left by Mr. Hawkes is conveyed by Professor Leacock, of Montreal, in the "National". He has no doubt that if the sentiment of the great body of the people of Canada had been followed the Borden policy would have been overwhelmingly approved, and the Senate

would not have been allowed to make the Dominion look ridiculous.

The "National" returns to the Marconi business with renewed vigour, and devotes many notes and five articles to the subject. It still demands that Mr. Asquith and those of his colleagues who have not been called should be invited to declare on oath that they were not directly or indirectly interested in any Marconi Company during the negotiations between the company and the Post Office. "Blackwood" regrets that Ministers have not frankly and fully apologised and expressed genuine regret, because "the contumacy of the Government can have but one result—an endless discussion of a tiresome and still mysterious affair". In the "Contemporary" Mr. Harold Spender asks, "Will the Government survive?" He thinks the probability is the Liberals will resist and overpower the Opposition attack, and barring incidents will be victorious on the defensive. "But will they be able to resume the aggressive?" His hope is in Mr. Lloyd George, who, "urged by his party instead of being held back, and now at last extricating himself from the poisonous entanglement of Marconi slander, is preparing to take the field". Among the miscellaneous articles in the "National" is one by the Duke of Northumberland on the Local Government Board and Housing which Mr. Burns may read with both interest and profit. It is a sharp and authoritative criticism of the Board's recent memorandum. "Nobody", concludes the Duke, "expects the President of the Local Government Board to know anything about cottage building, but we have a right to look to him to select someone who does to frame a document such as we have been considering before he issues it with his imprimatur".

In the "Nineteenth Century" M. Georges Chatterton-Hill writes of "The Reawakening of France". His article is a close study of the groups, societies, parties, and men who are leading France in a crusade to re-establish "catholic traditions". Chief of these is the "Action française" (of which M. Chatterton-Hill gives a most interesting account) and the Sillon. "However greatly the methods of these organisations differ", he tells us, "their aim is in one respect identical—namely, to re-establish the Catholic traditions of France. The policy of anticlericalism and of déchristianisation is as resolutely opposed by the politicians of the Action française as by the orthodox believers of the Sillon and the Semaines sociales. To fight against the Church signifies, for the Action française, to fight against the Fatherland; to seek to destroy the Church means to endeavour to rob the nation of an essential part of the latter's moral patrimony".

The "Fortnightly Review" is the theatre's very good friend. Of fifteen articles this July five are about the theatre. Mr. Courtney continues to discuss "realistic" drama. Mr. Littlewood asks, apropos of the Macready diaries and the retirement of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, whether it is really possible for a man of intellect to be satisfied with acting as a fine art. Mr. C. A. Harris contributes a eulogy of Richard Wagner. Mr. P. P. Howe examines the craftsmanship of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. J. F. Macdonald discusses French life and the French stage, with especial reference to Baron Henri de Rothschild.

Mr. Courtney reaches the really modern people in his third article—he discusses Hankin, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. Stanley Houghton. We have never been able to accept his definition of "realism", or to follow very clearly his argument. Now we begin to quarrel with his instances. Perhaps our difficulty is best explained in Mr. Courtney's final sentence, in which he speaks of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure" and "Milestones", "which, though they may have the realistic manner, no one would call realistic dramas". We cannot in the least understand how a drama can have the realistic manner, and yet not be a realistic drama. Mr. Littlewood upon "Intellect and the Actor" is good reading. He understands the theatre, and writes persuasively. We would quote entire his paragraph upon the similarity of Macready and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson: "Sir Johnston is retiring at an age within two years of that at which Macready himself threw off the shackles of theatrical success—an age when intellectual power is at its height. In many traditional respects Sir Johnston is Macready's lineal successor. Old playgoers still point to similarities of temperament and method. Like Macready, Sir Johnston is essentially a student—a scholar of wide culture, with fully-nurtured artistic interests in other directions than that of the stage. Like Macready, too, he has been gifted by nature with expressiveness of feature, grace of bearing, a voice of singular range and beauty—a physique, in short, that has helped to mark him out as an actor of rich and appropriate equipment as well as of genius. Like Macready, he was a

public-school boy, and represents socially our most treasured upper middle-class ideals".

Mr. C. A. Harris writes eloquently, and not extravagantly, about Wagner. Upon Wagner's music he writes with love and knowledge; but he refuses to believe with Wagner that "all the arts have run their course as separate crafts". It is the more surprising that Mr. Harris takes Wagner very seriously as a poet and a philosopher. Mr. P. P. Howe on the theatre is always interesting. He writes well for one thing—better than we are led to expect of a practising dramatic critic. His criticism is lively with instances; and most of his best points are points made about particular passages of particular plays. A little more driving-power—a really urgent theme that does not lag by the way or get lost in pen-prick minutiae—is what this article chiefly lacks. It rather gives the impression of a thesis taken as an excuse for writing about Mr. Shaw and quoting bits of Mr. Shaw's plays. Mr. Howe's individual judgment—his placing of Mr. Shaw's plays in merit—is remarkably just and happy.

In the "British Review" Mr. H. M. Wallis has a trenchant little article on the story of Modern Bulgaria; in the "Cornhill" Sir John Laughton has some interesting notes on the shortcomings of historians in dealing with the Navy and the influence of its work in war time; in the "Imprint" are some fine reproductions in photogravure illustrating an article on pioneers of the art, by Mr. Donald Cameron-Swan; in the "World's Work" Mr. F. A. Talbot sets out some of the recent triumphs of the motor car—a quite remarkable record, the extent and variety of which is not generally understood.

The best thing in the "English Church Review" is an appreciation of Bishop Paget by Miss E. M. Macgregor; yet in recording his many-sided ability the writer forgets to mention that he was one of the best after-dinner speakers in England. There is a learned article by the Editor on "Distinctive Types of Catholicism in East and West", and some quite short essays on Christian optimism, the spirit of compromise, and the use of metaphor in religious teaching.

For this Week's Books see page 26.

### THE LOW PREMIUMS OF THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Make its Policies peculiarly suitable as a means of  
providing for payment of

#### ESTATE DUTIES.

Accumulated Funds exceed £15,000,000.

London Office - - - No. 3 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.  
West End - - - No. 17 PALL MALL, S.W.  
Head Office - - - EDINBURGH.

Head

Governor—  
SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,  
K.C.M.G.



Office.

Incorporated  
A.D.  
1720.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE

**ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**

Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Motor Car, Plate-Glass, Burglary,  
Annuities, Employers' Liability, Third Party, Fidelity Guarantees.  
*The Corporation is prepared to act as TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR.*  
Apply for full particulars of all classes of Insurance to the Secretary  
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

### PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED), HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £85,000,000.  
CLAIMS PAID - - - £100,000,000.

#### NOTICE.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the  
SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed  
immediately.



# ALLIANCE

## ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ASSETS EXCEED £23,500,000.

Chairman:

The Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

Business transacted by the Company:—

- (1) **LIFE INSURANCE**, with and without profits, with special provisions for the payment of Estate Duties.
- (2) **FIRE INSURANCE** of every description.
- (3) **INSURANCES TO COVER LOSS OF RENT, INTEREST, AND PROFIT** consequent upon Fire damage to property.
- (4) **MARINE INSURANCE.**
- (5) **BURGLARY, THEFT, AND PLATE GLASS INSURANCE.**
- (6) **ACCIDENT**, including Personal Accident, Motor Car and Employers' Liability Insurance.

**Fidelity Guarantee and Sinking Fund Policies are also granted.**

**BONUS YEAR 1913.**—With-Profit Life Policies effected this year at FULL ANNUAL PREMIUMS will rank for one year's bonus as at 31st December, when the next QUINQUENNIAL VALUATION falls to be made.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

## THE "DESIRABLE" POLICY FOR MOTORISTS

is specially drafted to meet the requirements of owners of

### HIGH-CLASS CARS

who are invited to obtain particulars from the

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE LIFE & GENERAL**

Assurance Association, Limited,

66 & 67 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.]

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.  
Lord ARTHUR CECIL, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C., M.P.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.

Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S., D.Sc.

Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B., M.V.O., M.P.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.  
Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and of Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

## A PROFITABLE ASSURANCE.

SPECIAL COMBINATION securing, in return for a Limited Number of Premiums, a Fixed Sum at Death, whenever it may happen, and a

**Large Guaranteed Bonus during Lifetime,**

together with valuable options and additional benefits.

**EXAMPLE.**—Age 25. Sum Assured £500.  
Annual Premium (payable for 20 years only) - £23 16 8

**GUARANTEED RESULTS:**

(a) In case of death during the term,  
**PROFIT** varying from £182 to £484.

(b) In case of survival,  
**ULTIMATE PROFIT** of £273, in addition to 20 years accumulated Bonuses.

**GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LTD.**

CHIEF OFFICE: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

Assets Exceed £10,500,000.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

VALUABLE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, July 7th, and Following Day, at 1 o'clock precisely, valuable PRINTED BOOKS, Autograph Letters, and Illuminated and other Manuscripts, including the Library of the late BRAM STOKER, Esq., and other properties.

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

MODERN ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, and DRAWINGS.

**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, July 7th, at 1 o'clock precisely, MODERN ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, and DRAWINGS from various sources and collections.

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

THE FINE COLLECTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS, the property of T. R. B. ELLIOT, Esq.

**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on TUESDAY, July 8th, at 1 o'clock precisely, the FINE COLLECTION OF POSTAGE STAMPS, the property of T. R. B. ELLIOT, Esq., including a choice lot of Great Britain, New South Wales (Sydney), Cape of Good Hope, etc.

May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, and two Following Days, at 1 o'clock precisely, BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, comprising the Library of H. N. P.V.M. Esq. (deceased), late of Foxwood Chase, Brasted, Kent (sold by order of the Trustee), and a selected portion of the Library of the late Mrs. S. WOOD (sold by order of the Executors).

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.

WORKS OF ART.

**MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE** will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on THURSDAY, July 10th, and Following Day, at 1 o'clock precisely, WORKS OF ART, comprising ecclesiastical vessels and devotional objects, Nelson relics and souvenirs, including a brooch given by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, Wesley relics, etc.

May be viewed the day prior. Catalogues may be had.

By DIRECTION OF SIR WILLIAM BASS, Bt.

REMOVED FROM

BYRKLEY LODGE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

THE VALUABLE LIBRARY

of Fine Editions in choice Bindings, mostly of the finest Levant Crushed Morocco, comprising complete sets of the works of Modern Writers on History, Art, Sport, and Natural History, Fiction, etc. Many with coloured plates. A remarkable copy of

WALPOLE'S LETTERS

augmented to 18 volumes by the addition of over 1,500 rare coloured views, mezzotint portraits, etc., Ackermann's Microcosm of London. Tall copies of Ackermann's Oxford, Cambridge and Westminster, coloured plates. Egan's Boxiana. Life in London. Life in Ireland. The English Spy. The Syntax Tour. Payne's Arabian Nights, with the extra illustrations and special binding. Lilford's Birds, with rare extra plate. Bree's Dresser's, Latham's and other fine works on Ornithology. Sowerby's Botany. Henley's Tudor translations, 40 volumes. Gebhardt's Botticelli, Armstrong's works on Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Raeburn. Dr. Bode's on Rembrandt. Lord Ronald Gower's Lawrence. Hamel's Corot. A superb set of

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE

Fores' Sporting Notes, Baily's Magazine. The Dictionary of National Biography (64 volumes). Scott's Life of Napoleon, with added illustrations extending to 19 volumes. Aiken's National Sports of Great Britain (1821), Cruikshank's Omnibus, with original wrappers (1842) and other rare works, which will be sold by auction by

**MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY**, 20 Hanover Square, W., on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, July 9 and 10, at one o'clock precisely each day. On view two days prior. Catalogues may be had of Messrs. Radcliffes & Hood, Solicitors, 20 Craven Street, Charing Cross, S.W., or the Auctioneers, at their offices, 20 Hanover Square, W., and 100 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

**FIRE RISK.**—THE PRINCIPAL INSURANCE COMPANIES WILL NOW ARRANGE TO PAY THEIR CLIENTS THE FULL AMOUNT OF TOTAL LOSS INCURRED BY FIRE, AS SHOWN BY OUR VALUATIONS. INVENTORIES OF ART COLLECTIONS, FURNITURE AND OTHER VALUABLES, SECURING PROTECTION TO OWNERS, ARE PREPARED IN ALL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM.

**KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY,**  
20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

## £1:1:0 a year secures Absolute Safety for YOUR Valuables.

When Clients place valuables in the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit they know that they are safe and under their own control—that they are guarded day and night—guarded closer than state secrets.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit is absolutely fire and burglar proof. Trustees and others can obtain safes with two, three, or more locks when required.

Inspection Invited.

Write for Prospectus.

## Chancery Lane Safe Deposit,

61-62 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

## Macmillan's New Books

MR. BRYCE'S NEW BOOK.

### University and Historical

**Addresses.** Delivered during a residence in the United States as Ambassador of Great Britain. By the Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, O.M. Extra crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

### The Seine from Havre to

**Paris.** By Sir EDWARD THORPE, C.B., F.R.S. With Illustrations by OLIVE BRANSON, and Maps. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

*The Times.*—"This will make a very acceptable companion for any one who takes the same enjoyable holiday of a boating trip down the Seine."

### NEW 6/- NOVELS.

#### The Inside of the Cup.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "Richard Carvel," etc. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

*Truth.*—"This brilliant novel. . . In a word, 'The Inside of the Cup' is a sign of the times, and a book for the times which everyone should read."

#### A Prisoner in Fairyland (The Book that "Uncle Paul" wrote).

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, Author of "Jimbo," &c. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

*The Daily Telegraph.*—"Among writers dealing with the eerie, the fanciful, the fantastic, Mr. Algernon Blackwood has proved himself in half-a-dozen volumes to be entitled to a very high place. . . 'A Prisoner in Fairyland' is a sweet and even, if the term may be used, a lovable book."

FOURTH THOUSAND.

#### Father Ralph.

By GERALD O'DONOVAN. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

## NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

July 1913

#### Episodes of the Month

#### The Local Government Board and Housing

By THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

#### "The Crime"; "Lord Roberts"; Two Sonnets

By FRANCIS COUTTS

#### Chinese Loans and the British Investor

By J. O. P. BLAND

#### Some Glimpses of Disraeli

By THE HON. MRS. HUGH WYNDHAM

#### The Fight for Clean Government:

##### I. Introductory Note

##### II. "Report" of Marconi Select Committee

##### III. Chairman's Draft with Comments

##### IV. Lord Robert Cecil's Report

##### V. As It Might Have Been Written

By L. J. MAXSE

#### A Sportsman's Visit to Bulgaria

By MIRZA

#### American Affairs

By A. MAURICE LOW

#### Railway Rates

By HAROLD RUSSELL

#### The Canadian Senate and the Naval Bill

By PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK (Montreal)

#### Greater Britain: Canada

#### Correspondence: A Protest

By VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, M.P.

Price 2s. 6d. net.

23 RYDER STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.

## THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

### FICTION.

Sandy Married (Dorothea Conyers); Swirling Waters (Max Rittenberg). Methuen. 6s. each.

The Widow's Necklace (Ernest Davies); Collision (Bridget MacLagan). Duckworth. 6s. each.

A Far Cry (Frank Desmond); Weird Wedlock (R. Murray Gilchrist). Long. 6s. each.

Smoke Bellew (Jack London). Mills and Boon. 6s.

### LAW.

The Maritime Conventions Act, 1911 (with Introduction and Notes by L. V. Holt). Stevens and Sons. 1s. net.

### REPRINTS.

Les Travailleurs de la Mer (Victor Hugo), Vol. I.; Le Maître de la Mer (Vte. E.-M. de Vogüé). Nelson. 1s. net each.

The Charm of the West Country: An Anthology (Compiled and Edited by Thomas Burke). Bristol: Arrowsmith. 2s. 6d. net.

Furze the Cruel (John Trevena). Alston Rivers. 1s. net.

Théâtre Complet de Racine. Vol. I. Paris: Hachette. 1fr. net.

Rome: A Practical Guide to Rome and Its Environs (Eustace Reynolds-Ball). Black. 2s. 6d. net.

Organisation, Administration, and Equipment Made Easy (Lieut.-Col. S. T. Banning). Gale and Polden. 4s. 6d. net.

### THEOLOGY.

The Gospel of the Miraculous (the Right Rev. Arthur F. Winnington Ingram D.D.). Wells Gardner. 1s. net.

### TRAVEL.

The Seine from Havre to Paris (Sir Edward Thorpe). Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

Africanderisms: A Glossary of South African Colloquial Words and Phrases and of Place and Other Names (Compiled by the Rev. Charles Pettman). Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Lucerne, Chamonix (Picture and Described by G. Flemwell). Blackie. 2s. net each.

The Cathedrals of Southern France (T. Francis Bumpus). Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

Au Pays Hollandais (L. et Ch. de Fouchier). Paris: Hachette. 4fr.

### VERSE AND DRAMA.

Illusions and Realities (J. A. Brooke). Methuen. 5s. net.

The Honourable Kitty, or Sixes and "Seven" (K. N. Colville). Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. net.

Easter (a Play in Three Acts) and Stories (August Strindberg). Grant Richards. 5s. net.

Poems and Verses (Clifford Kitchin). Allen. 2s. 6d. net.

Elizabeth Cooper: A Comedy in Three Acts (George Moore). Maunsell. 2s. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Army Annual and Year-book, The (Edited by Lieut.-Colonel H. M. E. Brunker). Clowes. 3s. 6d. net.

Arts of the Church, The.—The Religious Drama (Gordon Crosse). Mowbray. 1s. 6d. net.

First Steps to Golf (G. S. Brown). Mills and Boon. 2s. 6d. net.

Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers (W. H. St. John Hope). Hogg. 7s. 6d. net.

London Matriculation Directory, June 1913, The. University Tutorial Press. 1s. net.

Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science, A (by an Inquirer). Dent. 1s. net.

Primer of Social Science, A (the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D.). King. 2s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR JULY:—The Hibbert Journal, 2s. 6d. net; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d. net; National Health, 3d.; Cassell's Magazine of Fiction, 5d. net; The Vineyard, 6d. net; Harper's Monthly Magazine, 1s.; The Musical Times, 3d.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The World's Work, 1s. net; The Asiatic Quarterly Review, 5s. net; The East and the West, 1s. net; The Hindustan Review, 10a.; The Book Monthly, 6d.; The Army Review, 1s.; The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; The Moslem World, 1s.; The Antiquary, 6d.; Bulletin of the British Library of Political Science, 3d.; Deutsche Rundschau, 2m. 50pf.; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d. net; The English Church Review, 6d. net; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3fr. 50c.; The Westminster Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; Mercure de France, 1fr. 50c.; Bedrock, 2s. 6d. net; The Century Magazine, 1s. 4d.

## Messrs. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT

**43 PICCADILLY, W.**

(OPPOSITE PRINCE'S HALL).

**BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, AND AUTOGRAPHS**

on View; Valued for Insurance or Probate; Bought for Cash.

Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

Telegraphic Address: Bookmen London.

## STANFORD'S TOURISTS' CATALOGUE.

New Edition 1913, 48 pages, containing particulars and prices of all the best maps and guide-books for the travel-centres of the World, with indexes of the chief Government Surveys. Gratis on application, or post free from EDWARD STANFORD, Ltd., 13, 13, and 14 Long Acre, London, W.C.



# SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING

*At all Booksellers and Bookstalls.*

## Smith, Elder & Co.'s New 1s. Net Series

1. Deeds that Won the Empire. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.
2. The Cruise of the "Cachalot" Round the World after Sperm Whales. Frank T. Bullen.
3. Fights for the Flag. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.
4. The Log of a Sea Waif. Frank T. Bullen.
5. The Gamekeeper at Home. Richard Jefferies.
6. A Londoner's Log Book. Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.
7. The Sowers. Henry Seton Merriman.
8. Jess. H. Rider Haggard.
9. Vice Versa. F. Anstey.
10. Woodland, Moor, and Stream. Edited by J. A. Owen.
11. The Tale of the Great Mutiny. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.
12. Sixty Years in the Wilderness. Henry W. Lucy.
13. A Vision of India. Sidney Low.
14. The Defence of Plevna. Capt. F. W. von Herbert. With an Introduction by General Sir John French, G.C.M.G., &c.
15. The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. A. Conan Doyle.
16. Nelson and His Captains. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.
17. With Edged Tools. Henry Seton Merriman.
18. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle.
19. The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. Sir A. Conan Doyle.
20. Wellington's Men. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.

THIN PAPER EDITION OF

## Stanley J. Weyman's Novels

(AUTHOR'S COMPLETE EDITION).

In 20 Volumes. Arranged Chronologically.  
With an Introduction in the First Volume by  
MR. WEYMAN.

Small Crown 8vo, gilt top.  
Each Volume 2s. net in Cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

TITLES OF THE VOLUMES.

1. The House of the Wolf.
2. The New Rector.
3. The Story of Francis Cludde.
4. A Gentleman of France.
5. The Man in Black.
6. Under the Red Robe.
7. My Lady Rotha.
8. Memoirs of a Minister of France.
9. The Red Cockade.
10. Shrewsbury.
11. The Castle Inn.
12. Sophia.
13. Count Hannibal.
14. In Kings' Byways.
15. The Long Night.
16. The Abbess of Vlaye.
17. Starvecrow Farm.
18. Chippinge.
19. Laid up in Lavender.
20. The Wild Geese.

## Sir A. Conan Doyle's Works

ILLUSTRATED 3/6 EDITION. Crown 8vo.

- Sir Nigel. With 8 Illustrations.  
The Tragedy of the "Korosko." With 40 Illustrations.  
Uncle Bernac: a Memory of the Empire. With 12 Illustrations.  
Rodney Stone. With 8 Illustrations.  
The White Company. (28th Edition, Revised.) With 8 Illustrations.  
The Green Flag, and other stories of War and Sport. With a Frontispiece.  
The Adventures of Gerard. With 16 Illustrations.  
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. With 25 Illustrations.  
The Return of Sherlock Holmes. With 16 Illustrations.  
The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. With 26 Illustrations.  
The Hound of the Baskervilles. With 16 Illustrations.  
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. With 24 Illustrations.  
The Sign of Four. With 8 Illustrations.  
A Duet, with an Occasional Chorus.  
Round the Fire Stories. With a Frontispiece.  
Micah Clarke. With 9 Illustrations.  
The Captain of the Pole Star. With a Frontispiece.  
The Refugees. With 25 Illustrations.  
The Stark Munro Letters. With a Frontispiece.  
The Last Galley: Impressions and Tales. With 2 Illustrations.  
Through the Magic Door. With 16 Illustrations.

THIN PAPER EDITION OF

## Henry Seton Merriman's Novels

In 14 Volumes. With an Introduction in the First  
Volume by E. F. S. and S. G. T.

In clear type, and handy size. Fcap. 8vo, gilt top.  
Each Volume 2s. net in Cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

TITLES OF THE VOLUMES.

1. The Slave of the Lamp.
2. The Sowers.
3. From One Generation to Another.
4. With Edged Tools.
5. The Grey Lady.
6. Flotsam.
7. In Kedar's Tents.
8. Roden's Corner.
9. The Isle of Unrest.
10. The Velvet Glove.
11. The Vultures.
12. Barlasch of the Guard.
13. Tomaso's Fortune, and other Stories.
14. The Last Hope.

PROSPECTUS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

## TWO BOOKS or the DAY

GARDEN  
WORK

A Book for Garden Lovers.

By  
**WILLIAM GOOD, F.R.H.S.**With Eight Plates in Colours  
and many other illustrations.

5s. net.

*Globe.*—"An exceedingly comprehensive and valuable book. can be warmly recommended to all enthusiastic gardeners."*Journal of Horticulture.*—"A book which the amateur could seldom open without finding profitable information from its pages."*Outlook.*—"Mr Good . . . begins by describing the different soils, and, going through all the details which are so essential to make gardening successful, gives the fullest information necessary for the cultivation of vegetables, fruits and flowers. A really valuable book for the gardener."*Academy.*—"Garden Work" is a thoroughly sound and practical introduction to most of the various branches of gardening. The book should be especially useful to the all-round gardener, professional or amateur."*Scottish Field.*—"To anyone who seeks instruction in garden work and the best methods of garden management from the first stages, this handsome manual may be heartily commended. The utility of the work is further helped by its admirable illustrations."Woman's Place  
IN  
Rural Economy

A Study in Sociology

By **P. DE VUYST,**Director-General of Agriculture,  
Belgium.TRANSLATED BY NORA  
HUNTER.

Art Binding, 3s. 6d. net.

*Times.*—" . . . The translation of an authoritative work, coming from a country so well known for the success of its intensive culture, will be welcomed by agriculturists and agricultural reformers."*Outlook.*—"This excellent translation of 'Le Rôle Social de la Femme,' the author of which is Director-General of Agriculture in Belgium, contains many valuable lessons and suggestions for agriculturists . . . a book which cannot but prove to be of inestimable service and value to all who are striving to promote the welfare of the country-side."*Globe.*—" . . . We especially commend the book, of which Miss Hunter has made an excellent translation. . . . For smallholders of either sex the work will be found invaluable."*Field.*—" . . . M. de Vuyst has shown in the compilation of his book an intimate knowledge of his subject, and it has had intelligent and sympathetic treatment at the hands of the translator."*Spectator.*—"When we have read of such excellent schemes and heard of their success in other countries, we cannot but regret that they are so little known in England."

## HOW TO SPEAK AND READ.

By **J. BRUCE ALSTON**, Recognised Teacher of Public  
Reading and Speaking to the University of Glasgow,  
Lecturer on Elocution in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews,  
&c. Crown 8vo, art binding, cloth back. 2s. 6d. net.

In this book an attempt is made to put before the student of the art of public speaking, in the simplest and clearest way, the common-sense principles on which the art is based.

## THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY.

By **J. HOLLAND ROSE**, Litt.D., Reader in Modern  
History, University of Cambridge. New Edition. Crown  
8vo, art binding, cloth back. 2s. net.

This well-known study of the history and development of the Democratic Movement is now reissued in new form. Dr. Rose dwells less on the politicians who figure largely in Parliamentary annals than on the efforts of humbler individuals who stirred up the artisans of England to action, which finally compelled responsible statesmen to listen to their demands.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD : Its  
Philosophy and its Practice.By **F. W. WESTAWAY**. Super-crown 8vo. 6s.

This book, the work of a well-known educationalist, appeals to all who are interested in the methodical procedure of scientific investigation. There are chapters dealing with the philosophy and logic of scientific method, followed by examples of actual investigations by eminent men of science. In tracing the history of thought on these subjects the aim throughout has been, as far as possible, to let authorities speak for themselves.

"An excellent book for Science Teachers."—*Nature*.

## BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND.

A CHARMING NEW SERIES OF COLOUR BOOKS.

Foolscap 4to, bound in boards, with coloured panel; each  
volume containing 12 full-page illustrations in colour.

Price 2s. each, net.

A popular series devoted to the glories of Switzerland, conducted on the same lines as the famous "Beautiful England" books; supplies a distinct want. Every year Switzerland becomes more and more the playground of Europe, and this fascinating land is visited by thousands of people.

The following two volumes are now ready:—

## LUCERNE.

Described and illustrated by G. Flemwell.

## CHAMONIX.

Described and illustrated by G. Flemwell.

Other volumes are in preparation.

N.B.—Beautiful prospectus, illustrated in colours, will be sent  
on receipt of postcard.London: **BLACKIE & SON, Ltd.**, 50 Old Bailey, E.C.

## Mr. HEINEMANN'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS

A FRENCH PRINCE WHO DIED FOR ENGLAND.

**THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.** By **A. FILON.**

Beautifully Illustrated. 15s. net.

"Has enriched contemporary annals with a tender, grave, and profoundly human book."—*Fall Mail Gazette*.**MADAME ROYALE.** A Biography of the Duchessed'Angoulême. By **ERNEST DAUDET.** 10s. net."We trust that the story of Madame Royale will be read by all who love a good and interesting book, both for its own sake and for their own enjoyment."—*Irish Independent*.**THE MEN AROUND THE KAISER.** By**FREDERIC W. WILE** (Correspondent of the *Daily Mail* in Berlin). With Portraits. 6s. net."This book will enable its readers to acquire a glimpse of most things that are believed, hoped, aimed at, or being done in modern Germany."—*Daily Telegraph*.**CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE****AFRICAN WILDS.** Beautifully Illustrated withPhotographs. By **A. R. DUGMORE.** 12s. 6d. net.**THE IDIOT.** (620 pages.) By **FYODOR DOSTOEV-****SKY,** Author of the "Brothers Karamazov." 3s. 6d. net.**SOCIAL RENEWAL.** By **GEORGE SANDEMAN,**

Author of "Uncle Gregory." 2s. 6d. net.

First impression exhausted on publication.

2nd impression Now Ready.

**THE HEADQUARTER RECRUIT.**By **RICHARD DEHAN.** 6s.

By the same author, a new and cheaper edition of that wonderful book,

**THE DOP DOCTOR.** 2s. net.

Latest 6s. Fiction.

**THE 61st SECOND** . . . . . Owen Johnson**JAMES HURD** . . . . . R. O. Prowse**THE KINGDOM** . . . . . Harold E. Goad**LU OF THE RANGES** . . . . . Eleanor Mordaunt**VIRGINIA** . . . . . Ellen Glasgow**GOSLINGS** . . . . . J. D. Beresford**THE AMBASSADOR** . . . . . William Wriethesley

Heinemann's Sevenpenny Novels are the best.

SEND FOR LIST.

21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

THE BOOK  
MONTHLYJULY NO.  
6d.

Chief Contents Include—

**THE POETS LAUREATE**

A Glance at the History of a Unique Literary Office.

By **W. BAILEY KEMPLING.****THE WOMAN AUTHOR**A Practical Test of Her Present Activities. By **G. E.****MITTON.****THE CRITIC IN THE STREET**

The Average Man Interests Himself in Matter, not in

its Form. By **JAMES H. GALLOWAY.****THE WELSH IN FICTION**

The Principality in need of a Literary Lloyd George.

By **ELLEN ALDER.****A LONDON LETTER**

On Bay of Biscay Lore and Sailor-Men's Old Chanties.

By **JAMES MILNE.****THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL**An Appreciation and a Calm Enquiry. By **C. E.****LAWRENCE.**

Of all Booksellers, or Specimen Copy post free 6d.

Annual Subscription, 6s. 6d.

**CASSELL & CO., LTD., La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.**"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly*."Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle*.

## DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

VISITORS TO LONDON (AND RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE  
**DARLINGTON'S LONDON & ENVIRONS.**By **E. C. COOK** and **Sir EDWARD T. COOK.**

5th Edition Revised, 6s.

30 Maps and Plans. 80 Illustrations.

"A brilliant book."—*Times*."Particularly good."—*Academy*."The best handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*."Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic*.**NORTH WALES.** 60 Illustrations. Maps and Plans, 5s.**DEVON AND CORNWALL.** 100 Illustrations. Maps and Plans, 5s.**NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL.** 50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.**SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL.** 50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.**1/-, THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.** A Handbook to the Leading Hotels

throughout the World.

**LLANGOLLEN : DARLINGTON & CO. LONDON : SIMPKINS.****PARIS AND NEW YORK : BRENTANO'S.***The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.*



# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

(A SELECTION FROM.)

Price 3s. 6d. each Volume.

**BAGEHOT (W.)**

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. 3s. 6d.  
LITERARY STUDIES. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
ECONOMIC STUDIES. 3s. 6d.

**BENT (J. T.)**

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND.  
With 117 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BRASSEY (Lady)**

A VOYAGE IN THE "SUNBEAM." With 66 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BUCKLE (H. T.)**

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

**CLODD (E.)**

STORY OF CREATION: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**CONYBEARE (Rev. W. J.) and**

**HOWSON (Very Rev. J. S.)**  
LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. With 46 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**DOYLE (Sir A. CONAN)**

MICAH CLARKE: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLESTAR," and other Tales. 3s. 6d.  
THE REFUGEES: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. 3s. 6d.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

CEANA: or, England and Her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES. With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS. 3s. 6d.  
CÆSAR: a Sketch. 3s. 6d.  
THOMAS CARLYLE: a History of his Life. 1795-1835. 2 vols. 7s. 1834-1881. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.  
ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. 3s. 6d.  
SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, &c. 3s. 6d.  
DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON. 3s. 6d.  
THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 3s. 6d.  
THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY: an Irish Romance. 3s. 6d.

**GLEIG (Rev. G. R.)**

LIFE OF WELLINGTON. 3s. 6d.

**GREVILLE (O. O. F.)**

JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE IV., KING WILLIAM IV., AND QUEEN VICTORIA. 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER)**

ALLAN QUATERMAIN. 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ALLAN'S WIFE. With 34 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
BEATRICE. 3s. 6d.  
BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART. 3s. 6d.  
CLEOPATRA. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C. 3s. 6d.  
DAWN. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ERIC BRIGHTYES. 51 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
HEART OF THE WORLD. 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MR. MEESON'S WILL. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. 25 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
NADA THE LILY. With 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
PEARL-MAIDEN: a Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SHE. With 32 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
STELLA FREGELIUS. 3s. 6d.  
SWALLOW. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. 16 Illus. 3s. 6d.  
THE WITCH'S HEAD. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A WINTER PILGRIMAGE. (A Visit to Palestine, &c.) With 31 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A FARMER'S YEAR. With 36 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER) and****LANG (A.)**

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. 27 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
**JEFFERIES (R.)**  
FIELD AND HEDGEROW. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.  
RED DEER. With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STORY OF MY HEART. 3s. 6d.  
THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD. 3s. 6d.  
WOOD MAGIC: a Fable. 3s. 6d.

**KNIGHT (E. F.)**

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALERTE." With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CRUISE OF THE "FALCON." With 2 Maps and 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE "FALCON" ON THE BALTIC. With Map and 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit. With Map and Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**LANG (A.)**

CUSTOM AND MYTH. 3s. 6d.  
MYTH, RITUAL AND RELIGION. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. 3s. 6d.  
A MONK OF FIFE: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**MACAULAY (Lord)**

COMPLETE WORKS. "Albany Edition." With 12 Portraits, 12 vols. Each 3s. 6d.  
Vols. I.-VI.—History of England.  
Vols. VII.-X.—Essays and Biographies.  
Vols. XI.-XII.—Sketches, Lays of Ancient Rome, &c., and Index.  
ESSAYS AND LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, &c. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY. With Notes. 3s. 6d.

**MARBOT (Baron de)**

MEMOIRS. Translated. 2 vols. 7s.

**MERIVALE (Dean)**

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. 8 vols. Each 3s. 6d.

**MILL (J. S.)**

POLITICAL ECONOMY. 3s. 6d.  
SYSTEM OF LOGIC. 3s. 6d.

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. 4 vols., 3s. 6d. each.

**NANSEN (F.)**

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. With 142 Illustrations and a Map. 3s. 6d.

**SMITH (R. BOSWORTH)**

CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS. With Maps, Plans, &c. 3s. 6d.

**STEPHEN (Sir LESLIE)**

THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE (The Alps). With 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE; with other Fables. 3s. 6d.  
THE WRONG BOX. 3s. 6d.  
MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 3s. 6d.

**TREVELYAN (Sir GEORGE)**

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY. Enlarged and Complete Edition, with New Preface and an Additional Chapter. 3s.

**VERNEY (F. P. & M. M.)**

MEMOIRS OF THE VERNEY FAMILY DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With Portraits. 2 vols. 7s.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY J.)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. 3s. 6d.

## LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY

Fcp. 8vo. Each Volume, gilt top, 2s. net in cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

\*.\* Except Newman's "Apologia," which is 2s. 6d. net in cloth; 3s. 6d. net in leather.

**ANSTEY (F.)**

VOCES POPULI. First Series. With 20 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.  
VOCES POPULI. Second Series. With 25 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

**ARNOLD (Sir EDWIN)**

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. With Photogravure Frontispiece after HOLMAN HUNT.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. In 5 vols. (Sold separately.)

**INGELOW (JEAN)**

POEMS. Selected and arranged by ANDREW LANG.

**JEFFERIES (RICHARD)**

THE STORY OF MY HEART. With Portrait.

**LANG (ANDREW)**

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE. NEW & OLD LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. BALLADES AND RHYMES. BOOKS AND BOOKMEN. OLD FRIENDS: Essays in Epistolary Parody.

**MACKAIL (J. W.)**

SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. 2 vols. (Sold separately.) Greek Text and English Translation.

**MAX MÜLLER (F.)**

DEUTSCHE LIEBE (GERMAN LOVE).

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. MACKAIL. With Frontispieces. 2 vols. (Not sold separately.)  
NEWS FROM NOWHERE. (Also in paper covers, 1s. net.)  
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON: a Poem.  
POEMS BY THE WAY.

**NEWMAN (CARDINAL)**

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, including "The Dream of Gerontius."  
APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. (Cloth, 2s. 6d. net leather, 3s. 6d. net.)  
THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS. UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. With other Fables.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With an Introduction by ANDREW LANG, and Photogravure Frontispiece.

**STEVENSON (R. L. & F.)**

THE DYNAMITER.

**STEVENSON (R. L.) & OSBOURNE (L.)**

THE WRONG BOX.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

LONGMANS, GREEN, &amp; CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London.

If you would understand the true bearing of the Home Rule Bill on the fortunes of Ireland and the Empire read

## THE CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.

By L. S. AMERY, M.P.

*Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.*

What the *Northern Whig* of Belfast says of "The Case Against Home Rule":—

"Mr. Amery enters a strong plea that at a time when Ireland is enjoying the benefit of remedial legislation nothing should be done to throw the country back into the turmoil of political and religious strife. A vigorous controversialist, but one who has the historian's balance and breadth, Mr. Amery drives home his case with convincing force and logic. There are few aspects of the Irish question on which he does not throw new light, and his lucid presentation of the difficulties and dangers of any scheme that means the overthrow of the Union is well worthy of careful study. Mr. Amery has in the past done yeoman service on behalf of the Irish Loyalists, and the publication of this pamphlet deepens their obligation to him. The volume is a substantial one, but is published at 3d. in order that it may reach the masses."

Of all Booksellers 3d. net; or post free from the Office, 4½d.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.  
10a King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

### Shall the Welsh Church be Established ?

THE BEST ANSWER TO THE RADICAL CASE FOR THE SPOILATION OF THE CHURCH IN WALES IS PROVIDED BY

## WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT

### AND DISENDOWMENT

BY

THE HON. W. G. A. ORMSBY-GORE, M.P.

(Denbigh Boroughs).

WITH A PREFACE BY

LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C., M.P.

Of all Booksellers, 6d. net;

Post free, 7½d., direct from the Office.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

39

### "What is in the BYSTANDER this week ?"

is now the recognised salutation in Political and Social circles. Its handy size, its bright, topical pictures, its pungent paragraphs all combine to make THE BYSTANDER the most popular paper of its class, if, indeed, it may not be accurately described as a class of itself.

Out every Wednesday. Price 6d.

OFFICES: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

READ —

### "MONTHLY NOTES ON TARIFF REFORM."

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE,

for up-to-date facts, figures  
and arguments bearing on the  
Fiscal Controversy

Published on the 7th of each month, at

7 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.  
PRICE 1d.

Subscription 2s. per annum. Post free.

### Three Standard Books on Bridge.

#### "SATURDAY" BRIDGE.

By W. DALTON, 5s. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That "'Saturday' Bridge" is the acknowledged authority on Bridge is proved by it now being in its 12th Thousand.

#### "SATURDAY" AUCTION BRIDGE.

By HELLESPONT, 3s. 6d. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That Auction Bridge appeals more strongly to certain temperaments than Ordinary Bridge is unquestioned. The subtleties of the game are here set forth in the simplest way.

#### INFERENCES AT BRIDGE.

By W. DALTON, 1s. net.

(Postage 1½d.)

There are many players who, while familiar with the general principles of the game, never draw even the most simple inference from what they see. To them this book should be of great assistance.

Of all Booksellers, or direct from Office.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING  
COMPANY, LIMITED.

10 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.



EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

**KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S**

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,  
are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom are held as required. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

## R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT  
CONTRACTORS.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice  
Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

## ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the  
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.  
**MODERATE TERMS.** Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

**DARTMOOR.**—Boarding in Private House; 800 ft.  
above sea level; fine views; shady garden in warm and sheltered position.  
Tennis and Croquet Lawns. Stabling or Motor. Separate tables. Terms  
inclusive.—Apply, CANTAB, Middlecott, Ilington, S. Devon.

**THE SATURDAY REVIEW** should be obtainable at all  
Railway Bookstalls and from Newsagents throughout  
London and the Provinces.

Copies can also be obtained as follows:—

### AUSTRIA.

FRANZENSBAD: Librairie Windisch. MARIENBAD: E. A.  
Gotz, Library.

### BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

ANTWERP: O. Forst, 69 Place de Meir; J. Mertens, 5 Avenue  
de Keyser. PRUSSELS: F. Tennant Pain, 60 Rue du Chemin  
de Fer. Librairie Dechenne, 20 rue de Pensil. OSTEND:  
F. Tennant Pain, 12 Galerie Leopold II. ROTTERDAM:  
Nederlandsche Kiosken and Kiosque.

### FRANCE.

BIARRITZ: V. Tugague, 16 rue Gambetta. DIEPPE:  
D. Colliard, 16 rue de la Barre. MARSEILLES: Mme. Monnier,  
Kiosque No 12 Allée de Meilhan. MONTE CARLO: Mme.  
Sinet, Library. NICE: Librairie Escoffier, 3 Place Masséna;  
Ayme, 51 Avenue de la Gare. PARIS: F. Tennant Pain, 18  
Rue Favart. The Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli; W.  
H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli; Brentano's Library, 37  
Ave. de l'Opéra; Librairie Timotie, 14 rue Castiglione, and  
the principal Libraries, Kiosques and Railway Stations.  
TROUVILLE: Mme. Leclerc, 56 rue des Bains.

### GERMANY.

BERLIN: Georg Stilke, 72 & 74 Dorotheenstrasse. COLOGNE:  
F. G. Schmitz, Hohestrasse. FRANKFORT: J. Vaternahm,  
Hauptpersonenbahnhof. HAMBURG: J. W. Basedow, 19/21  
Brodschranzen. HOMBURG: F. Schick, Library. HEIDEL-  
BERG: H. Ruhlmann, 9 Leopoldstrasse. STUTTGART:  
Konrad Wittwer, Hauptpersonenbahnhof.

### ITALY.

FLORENCE: B. Seeber, 20 via Tournabuoni. MILANO:  
Paolo Marco, Stazione Centrale. NAPLES: Detken & Rochol,  
Piazza Plebiscito. ROME: Luigi Piale, Piazza di Spagna.  
TURIN: Cerallo Maddalene, Piazza Carlo Felice.

### NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BERGEN: F. Beyer, 2 Strandgaden. CHRISTIANIA:  
B. Narvessen, 2 Stortingsgaden.

### SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

BARCELONA: Louis Berge, 7 Rambla Estudios. LISBON:  
A. R. Galvao, 18 Praça de Terceira.

### SWITZERLAND.

BASLE: F. Tennant Pain, 44 Elisabethenstrasse. Festersen &  
Co., Library and Kiosques. BERNE: Gustav Frey, Library.  
GENEVA: Naville & Co., 6/8 rue Pecolat. LAUSANNE:  
Th. Roussy, Rue du Bourg. LUCERNE: A. Gebhardt,  
Library. MONTREUX: C. B. Faist, Library. ST. MORITZ  
BAD: C. B. Faist, Library. VEVEY: Jules Berndt, Library.

Readers unable to obtain copies will greatly oblige by  
forwarding a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday  
Review*, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

## ARON ELECTRICITY METER.

### CONTINUED PROGRESS IN DIFFICULT CONDITIONS.

THE Sixteenth Ordinary General Meeting of the Aron Electricity Meter, Limited, was held on July 1, Mr. H. Hirst (Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: You will no doubt share the satisfaction which your board feel at the continued progress of our Company. The year under review has not been one of continued sunshine; many a black cloud has appeared in one or other of the territories in which we operate. The rise in the price of raw material, political troubles, and labour unrest have all contributed to the anxiety of your board and management. Nevertheless, the result of the year's work is exceedingly pleasing, and our net profit of £32,692 is about £2000 ahead of last year. This practically represents the exact amount of the increase of our gross profit, which is £53,611—a proof that the same careful and conservative principles have prevailed during the last year which have helped us in the past in lifting this Company from adverse conditions into a flourishing concern, with every appearance of continued progress. As regards the balance sheet, the items are clear, and I cannot think of any necessary comments, except so far as the first item on the credit side is concerned—namely, £213,298. This item is looked upon by many shareholders as if it represented goodwill and patents only. The people who complain most about insufficiency of details in balance sheets are generally the greatest sinners in the way of reading them. This item includes such solid assets as valuable freehold land in Schweidnitz, Vienna and Paris; very important and expensive buildings, modern machinery and tools. The actual hard cash spent on additions to these items since the formation of the Company amounts to a grand total of £120,000. I personally am of the opinion that the actual amount for goodwill and patents has been, by very generous depreciation on the one side and by reserves on the other, reduced to quite a normal and unimportant figure. I doubt very much, if our property were valued to-day by a conservative valuer, whether he could debit that account with more than £50,000 for goodwill and patents. Perhaps the board, for the satisfaction of the shareholders, will arrange in the coming year for such a valuation to be made. The only other comment of utility which I can make is with reference to the appropriation of our profits. The directors have decided to recommend a payment of a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 7 per cent., or 1 per cent. more than last year. No doubt there are those among you who think we ought to pay more. I wish to assure you that the directors have given the fullest consideration to this problem. The constant increase of business absorbs our finances to the full, and during the period which has elapsed since 31 March, to which date our accounts are made up, our sales have again gone up considerably as compared with the same period of last year. Whilst the business increases the profits do not show entirely in cash, but largely in additional outstandings and stock necessary to satisfy our customers. In addition to this, it must not be forgotten that the bulk of the business of this Company is done in the Central European countries—Germany, Austria, France and Belgium. The war cloud which hung over Austria has not entirely disappeared, and whilst we have no fear of severe bad debts, we have to reckon with slower payments and increased outstandings. The present financial position in other European countries is so well known that I am sure, if you give that situation one minute's thought, you will agree with us that this is not a time when we should part too lightly with such liquid assets as hard cash. The whole of the future welfare of this Company might be seriously affected by so doing. I now formally move that the report and accounts as audited and submitted to the meeting be received and adopted.

Sir James Pender, Bart., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

## THE RUBBER WORLD.

### ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

*This Week's Issue contains:*

**THE FUTURE OF THE RUBBER INDUSTRY—  
II. By Dr. Schidrowitz.**

**DIVIDEND POSSIBILITIES OF MAPALAGAMA,  
MR. LAMPARD ON THE FUTURE.**

**SIALANG, BUKIT MERTAJAM, AND OTHER  
MEETINGS.**

SUBSCRIPTION PER ANNUM, in the United Kingdom, 6/6;  
Abroad, 8/6.

10 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

### NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the *SATURDAY REVIEW* are:—

	United Kingdom.				Abroad.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
One Year ...	1	8	2	...	1	10	4	
Half Year ...	...	0	14	1	...	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	...	0	7	1	...	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the  
Manager, *SATURDAY REVIEW* Offices, 10 King Street, Covent  
Garden, London, W.C.

## Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

## GENERAL LITERATURE

**THE POEMS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.**  
In 4 vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d. net each vol. Printed on thin paper, uniform with Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Mr. Kipling's Prose Works. Also crown 8vo. 6s. each vol.; also leather, 5s. net each vol.

**CAPTURE AT SEA.** By the Right Hon. the EARL LOREBURN. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

This is not a law book, but an explanation in simple language of the dangers to which the laws of the sea expose commerce in time of war, with suggested remedies. We are in danger of starvation if our food supplies are stopped. A powerful Navy is not enough. The neutralisation of unoffending commerce at sea is advocated, and reasons given for anticipating International agreement in this change.

"A volume which should be in the hands of every business man. . . . We are convinced that the perusal of this volume will have contributed powerfully to an awakening of interest and concern in one of the greatest problems of our day."

*Daily Telegraph.*

**THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION AND ITS VERIFICATION: The Angus Lectures for 1912.**

By T. R. GLOVER, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in Ancient History, Author of "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"The author's treatment is brief, but suggestive, being fortified with excellent use of pertinent quotation."—*Athenaeum*.

"Mr. Glover has written a powerful defence of the Christian tradition, and of the Christianity which is founded thereon."—*Outlook*.

**CROWDS.** By GERALD STANLEY LEE, Author of "Inspired Millionaires." Crown 8vo. 6s.

A wonderful book which will arrest attention. It is a study of democracy and of the desires and fears of the People. No one can be "in the movement" who has not read it.

**ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES.** By J. A. BROOKE. Crown 8vo. 5s. net

A volume of verse containing upwards of a hundred lyrics, chiefly of human interest, but, as the title implies, touching at times upon the illusive. The love and nature poems are in lighter vein, but some of the latter contain a definite message.

**THE COMPLETE LAWN TENNIS PLAYER.** By A. WALLIS MYERS. With 90 Illustrations. Third Edition, Revised. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

[Complete Series.]

**ON THE COURT AND OFF.** By ANTHONY F. WILDING. With 58 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**THE STORY OF THE DAVIS CUP.** By A. WALLIS MYERS, Author of "The Complete Lawn Tennis Player." With 6 Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.

**HOW TO PLAY GOLF.** By HARRY VARDON. With 58 Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**A LITTLE GUIDE TO SOUTH WALES.** By G. W. WADE, D.D., and J. H. WADE, M.A. With 32 Illustrations and 2 Maps. Small Pott 8vo, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net.

[Little Guides.]

**DURHAM.** By J. E. HODGKIN. With 32 Illustrations, 3 Maps, and 3 Plans. Small Pott 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

[Little Guides.]

**OLD CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS.** By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

[Antiquary's Books.]

"A most readable and instructive volume, dealing, with extreme accuracy and high authority, with the financial transactions of churchwardens."

*Westminster Gazette.*

**PORTUGUESE SLAVERY—BRITAIN'S DILEMMA.** By J. H. HARRIS, Author of "Dawn in Darkest Africa." Crown 8vo. 1s. net.

## FICTION

**SANDY MARRIED.** By DOROTHEA CONYERS, Author of "Sally." Crown 8vo. 6s.

This is a sequel to Mrs. Conyers' famous book, "The Strayings of Sandy." It tells of Sandy married, his life in Ireland, and the amusing complications which arise when he is left guardian of two young and unsporting people, Araminta and Hildebrand, who against their wishes have to keep a racing stable and win the Grand National or marry before they can claim their uncle's large fortune. Sandy's keeping of their racing stud and hunters and his final triumph in getting rid of his obnoxious charges makes the plot of the book. "Phillips," his valet, is as much to the fore as in the "Strayings of Sandy."

**SWIRLING WATERS.** By MAX RITTENBERG, Author of "The Mind-Reader." Crown 8vo. 6s.

This is a story of the whirlpool of finance. Clifford Matheson, a successful financier, is soul-weary of the life, and tries to cut loose and start a fresh existence. He is drawn back to the whirlpool by an entanglement in a huge scheme engineered by a millionaire shipowner (a vivid study of the Napoleonic temperament); and Matheson's wife and the girl he falls in love with in his second existence contend for him. The book starts with a dramatic conflict between Matheson and the ship-owners, and continues in the same atmosphere of tension right to the end.

**THAT WHICH WAS WRITTEN.** By SYBIL CORMACK SMITH. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"There is originality in Miss Smith's handling of her subject and her environment is well realised."—*Country Life*.

"This South African novelist sets her background with unerring sureness, and describes it with convincing accuracy and sedulous care. She is skilled, too, in the drawing of character."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**STEMPENYU.** By "SHALOM ALEICHEM." Translated from the Yiddish by HANNAH BERMAN. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The chief interest in the story lies in the pictures of Jewish life in Russia, and the intensely human note struck."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"It is a striking delineation of life among the Jews in Russian villages. The characteristics of the race are portrayed with unflinching realism."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Quite unlike any and every other novel."—*World*.

**THE GATE OF HORN.** By BEULAH MARIE DIX. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"Well and vividly written."—*Morning Post*.

"Its pathos without sentimentality, its poetry that is never high flown, the sheer beauty of much of it, make it almost independent of cold criticism."—*Observer*.

"The book is a romance, and is written as a romance should be—with true imagination, with a turning always to the high things of life, with a genuine love of and insight into the past."—*World*.

**A GODDESS OF STONE.** By R. W. WRIGHT-HENDERSON, Author of "John Goodchild." Crown 8vo. 6s.

The scene of this romance is on the south coast, and the date of it is 1793, in the brave days of smuggling and rumours of invasion. It is told in the first person, being the recollection of events witnessed by one Thomas How when an innocent boy of eight. A miser, some smugglers, an *émigré*, an old housekeeper, and others are those whose fortunes he, and a marble statue, silently watch, and in part direct.

**THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU.** By SAX ROHMER. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The epic of the most resourceful, brilliant and sinister benefactor yet created. Through River Police depots, an opium den in Shadwell, great hotels, the "Arabian Nights" abode of the Chinese doctor, the floating laboratory on the lower Thames, the family vault of Lord Southey, and many another scene, we follow the dark elusive figure of the terrible Fu-Manchu, "lord of strange deaths." In the dim background flit ever the companion figures of his creatures, the stranglers. Above all rises the call of the dæmon: whilst through the yellow phantasmagoria glides a seductive personality, "Káramanéh," the lovely Eastern slave who plays such havoc with the heart of Dr. Petrie.

## METHUEN'S SHILLING BOOKS

Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.

**BOY.** By MARIE CORELLI.

**SAID THE FISHERMAN.** By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

**OSCAR WILDE: A Critical Study.** By ARTHUR RANSOME.

**TWO ADMIRALS.** By ADMIRAL JOHN MORESBY.

**THE PARISH CLERK.** By P. H. DITCHFIELD.

## METHUEN'S SEVENPENNY NOVELS

Fcap. 8vo. 7d. net.

**THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES.** By SIR GILBERT PARKER.

**THE HUMAN BOY.** By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

**BY STROKE OF SWORD.** By ANDREW BALFOUR.

**THE RED HOUSE.** By E. NESBIT.

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London.—Saturday, 5 July, 1913.